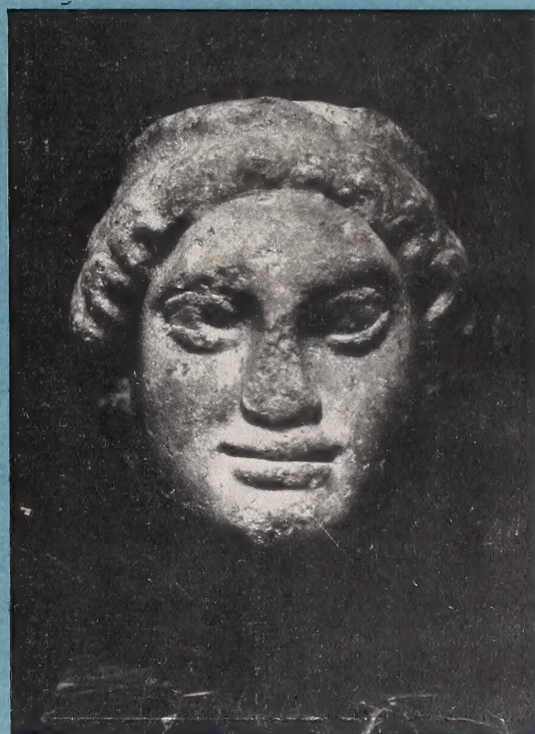


THE ARTS

VOL. III, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1923



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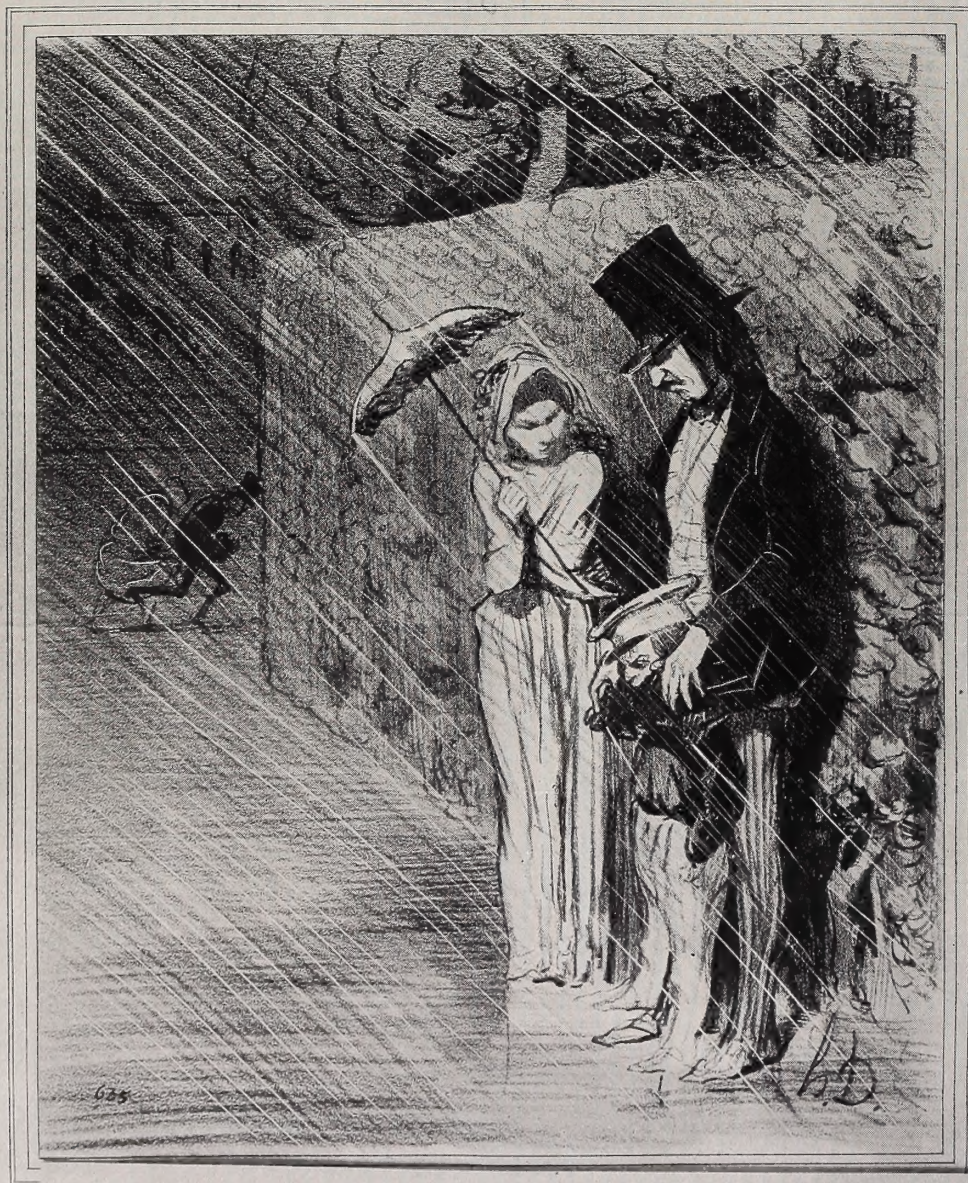
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GEORGES SEURAT

By WATER PACH

For the March Issue Water Pach, the American painter, and translator of Elie Faure's History of Art, has written an essay on Georges Seurat which is undoubtedly the completest study of the great "nineteenth century primitive" that has yet appeared. All of the important paintings of Seurat will be reproduced and several of his most beautiful drawings. This is one of THE ARTS series of monographs and later will be published in book form.

Les étrangers a Paris



Grandes eaux a Versailles !

LITHOGRAPH

July 28, 1844

HONORE DAUMIER

The Great Fountains at Versailles

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum

THE ARTS

VOLUME III

FEBRUARY, 1923

NUMBER 2

LIFE is illimitable, an inexhaustible pageant, but each phase of art is necessarily a partial thing. The artist, locked in the cell of his own personality, looks through his keyhole and what he sees is colored by his peculiarities. What of it? If we put ourselves in the position of judges and critics, why forget that our keyholes also give us but a partial view colored by our peculiarities?

When an artist has enough power to create new valuations we find that something goes on in our responsive brains—a feeling of exhilaration or a feeling of acute discomfort. It all depends on the kind of brain. We feel that we are going to be held responsible for making a distinction between the real and the sham. Once the bars are down perhaps the sham modern will rush in with the real modern. What a catastrophe if he should, and prove our taste not impeccable after all!

Two courses are open to us. We can put on a stiff front and become angry reactionaries. Or we can jump, in unison, onto the band wagon and with Hermione chant: "Isn't it just too wonderful to be modern?" In either case the effort is to escape unsettling discomfort. Humiliating admission, we are all trying to get settled. Yet is anyone willing to make the ignominious confession that to be settled is the ultimate good?

There is a well-grounded suspicion that the desire to seek the protection of one herd or the other, to be comfortably "all for" or comfortably "all against," derives from the too obvious fact that very few of us ever formulate a visual idea of our own. The artist gives us the lead. And when we have absorbed into our everyday visual knowledge that which was ours to see, but which we could not see until the artist had combined the unrelated parts into a synthetic whole, a state of inertia sets in, and again the artist who discovers in these same natural phenomena a new combination, and has in turn a new vision, is immediately attacked for upsetting our comfortable feeling of having arrived.

No sooner do we reach one point than the artist pricks our slumber and insists that we should go to another point. We usually repay him by repudiating him at first, and only when we find that we are being left hopelessly in the rear do we reluctantly follow.

If we are content to see only that which the museums have collected, if our eyes close as we emerge from the National Gallery, the Louvre, the Prado, the Uffizi, or wherever we may discover the masterpieces of the past, and we are no better prepared to see the work of the creative artists of today, we can be sure that we have not seen the work of the giants of the past through our own eyes. The ultimate test of our artistic cultivation lies not in the knowledge of the work of the past but in our capacity to utilize this knowledge in the more difficult and elusive process of seeing into the artistic expression of the life in which we play a part. The man who says "I don't like modern art" is merely saying "I don't like art." If you like it at all you enjoy it quite aside from its date or birthplace.

FORBES WATSON.



LITHOGRAPH

May 8, 1834

HONORE DAUMIER

Mlle. Etienne-Joconde-Cunégonde-Bécassine de Constitutionnel

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum

DAUMIER--THE MAN OF HIS TIME

By W. M. IVINS, JR.

ED. NOTE.—The Metropolitan Museum opened this month an exhibition which illustrates, with a completeness that the student will relish, the development of lithography during the past hundred years. One gallery is entirely devoted to the work of Honoré Daumier, and W. M. Ivins, Jr., curator of the Museum's department of prints, has selected from the works of Daumier, now on exhibition, ten examples to accompany his essay. Through the courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum these were photographed for THE ARTS by Yasuo Kuniyoshi.

THE part played by printing and prints in the history of painting and design is generally ignored, but it is of the very greatest importance. There are two kinds of great artists, those who only produce great works of art and those who profoundly influence the thought and work of their contemporaries and of their successors, and, although it is never mentioned, the artists who have most directly influenced the world since 1500 have almost invariably been those who have resorted to the printing press for the reduplication and the dissemination of their designs. Sometimes these influential men, like Dürer and Rembrandt, made prints themselves, and sometimes, like Raphael and Rubens, they have had engravers who made prints for them—a difference to which the world at large paid very little attention, because from its point of view the design was the thing, the vast difference which we see between “original” and “reproductive” prints not having been discovered until after the pervasion of photography.

During the last century there were a number of great designers who either made prints or had them made after their work, and who thus had a far greater influence upon the world in general than some other possibly equally gifted men whose work, so to speak, was never put in common circulation. At the beginning of the century Goya made four sets of etchings which have frequently been reprinted and have thus carried his thought and knowledge of his design into many places where neither his drawings nor his paintings have ever penetrated. Had the world's acquaintance with his work been confined to his paintings he would never have had the tremendous influence that he so patently had. In the middle of the century Honoré Daumier two or three times a week made a lithograph or a wood cut, and these were printed in enormous quantities as illustrations in daily and weekly papers, and he thus achieved a circulation such as no other modern and very few older artists have ever accomplished. In Paris a whole generation of painters, foreigners as well as Frenchmen, two generations, in fact, because his productivity lasted for more than forty

years, grew up with Daumier's work always before them. They couldn't get away from it except by retiring to the country and never seeing anyone. Delacroix copied Goya and Daumier, Manet did the same thing, and Degas knew his Daumier by heart. Thus whether or not Daumier was the greatest artist of his period is aside from the point; from the historian's point of view he exerted an influence upon both contemporaries and successors as great as that of any man of his time, and one may query whether, after all, that isn't merely another way of saying that he was one of the most important artists of his time. One can't claim much more than that for an artist, and so one can let it go at that. In one of the print galleries of the Metropolitan Museum there is now on exhibition a large group of his prints chronologically arranged so as to illustrate his development from 1830 to 1872, when he stopped work.

On the human, biographic, side, there is so little to be learned about Daumier from the books that the best we can do for his wife is to call her Madame Daumier—because although they were married and lived together for a matter of thirty years, her name is not given by a single writer. There are foolish anecdotes about what Balzac said, and Daubigny, and Michael Angelo gets dragged in. It is recorded that in Daumier's youth he went to jail for *lèse-majesté* and, weighty and untoward circumstance, that he actually wrote a letter while there, the only one of which there is any mention in the books. When he was old and blind Corot gave him a little cottage in the country and helped get him a small pension from the government.

There is a dispute as to whether he was born in 1808 or in 1810 at Marseilles, but it is certain that he died at Valmondois in 1879. As a lad he was an errand boy for a lawyer, and it is said that he sometimes went to the Louvre to look at the paintings. The only thing he ever said to anyone, he wrote—on the fly leaf of Champfleury's book—*il faut être de son temps* (one must be of one's time). Like everybody else he painted—for what else should an artist do on Sundays and holidays when there was nothing else to do? And he modeled a few portrait busts, a relief, and a figure or two in clay. He several times sent paintings to exhibitions, and at least once he competed unsuccessfully for a prize. His father was a glazier and wrote bad verse—but, as compared with his son, he has a full biography, although all



LE VENTRE LÉGISLATIF.
Après les bonapartistes de la chambre représentée en 1834.

LITHOGRAPH
The Legislative Paunch

January, 1834

HONORÉ DAUMIER
Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum

that he ever did was to be his son's father, which was doubtless enough.

Thus it is known quite definitely that Honoré Daumier was born, that he had a wife, and that he died—but none of these things seems to have counted for much in his life as compared with his meeting with Charles Philipon, the editor and proprietor of *La Caricature* and *Charivari*, who took him on his staff in 1832 and for forty years provided him with legends to illustrate. And so we are justified in saying that the man Daumier had no life, that he was merely an artist, spending his time as he might and incidentally turning out the vastest graphic work that has ever been catalogued. In consequence there has rarely been so much written about a man that told so little about him, the books and essays being for the most part but mere dithyrambs to the refrain of "*Ah! quel grande artiste!*" with occasional interludes in which the authors talk about French politics and manners and, especially interesting to the Germans, Parisian morals—which is amusing, because as few men have ever left a cleaner work, it goes merely to show once again that men only find

in the works of an artist that which they themselves bring to them.

In any consideration of Daumier's work it is most necessary to bear always in mind that there are at least three Daumiers, two who are collected by collectors, and another who is studied by painters and draughtsmen, and that although these three lived under the same hat, they are most astoundingly different in the things which make them interesting.

The collector of "fine prints" has very little use for the Daumiers made after about 1850, the period at which they say he ceased to make good lithographs, because it was just about that time that he ceased to make the traditional very black and very white lithographs, and began to put his emphasis upon line and composition and light and atmosphere. But this is not the place to go into what the collectors think of Daumier—for interesting as is the collector's mind it really is hardly of importance in a discussion of art. Men collect postage stamps and first editions of contemporary English novelists, and so collecting, as such, doesn't prove anything except about the fellows who do it.

The collector of social caricatures and documents who is not interested in "fine prints," and finds his pleasure in looking at pictures of the generations that have gone before, likes Daumier up to about 1860, because in his work prior to that time is to be seen the most marvelous picture of life in Paris that has ever been drawn. Daumier shows us the bourgeois (*i. e.*, the city man) in his night shirt and cap, how he slept and had nightmares beside his wife, and how he opened the blinds in the morning; he shows us how he pulled on his shirt and trousers and pulled up her corset strings, how he ran down stairs and loafed along the street, peeped in shop windows, read his papers in front of the café, traveled in trams and went on picnics; in short, everything an honest Parisian did from the time he stopped snoring in the morning until he began again at night. For us of today it seems no very important thing perhaps to know how the citizens of Paris conducted themselves sixty and ninety years ago, but when one stops to think about it, it is of more consequence than at first appears, because, unless one is all wrong, no one really knows very much about how any earlier people went about their daily affairs.

When all is said, it must be admitted by even the most ardent literary person that the pictures which words can give of life and manners are very partial; the things seen by the authors are by them translated into words, and the words with time changing their meaning, readers of a later generation when retranslating the words into visual images get results most remarkably unlike the things the author saw and wrote about. Thackeray's words read without the accompaniment of his drawings do not mean the same things that they do when so accompanied. Trousers for example are still "trousers," but nowadays they are creased and they taper if ever so slightly to the ankle, whereas in his time they were carefully ironed round and they descended straight like stove pipes—which means that a fine figure of a man cut quite a different figure and most unlike anything we see in the advertisements of our friends in Chicago and Rochester, or upon Fifth Avenue. Ladies wore crinolines and sixteen-inch waists, and the way they made their entrance through a narrow door and the fall of their full draperies when they sat down were quite unlike anything that we can imagine in these days of long exposed shinbones and scantness of materials. The whole visual aspect of life has changed, and with it our understanding of the manners of the past has gone askew. Only in these old caricatures has that life been preserved without change, because only in them was it preserved in casual visual notation of its casual aspects. There wasn't any translation.

When we go back to the Greeks and Romans, peoples we know only through literature and sculp-

ture, we find that they exist for us only as a species of two dimensional beings—so many Patiences on monuments—always standing or sitting about in classic attitudes. No Roman has entered a room since Rome stopped. The mediæval times we see through the carvings on Romanesque and Gothic portals, the windows of Chartres and Bourges, and the bright enameled illuminations in the old manuscripts. They glow with color and we know much about their modes of life, for both stone carvers and illuminators were fond of genre scenes, but still they are very far from us, and for the most part locked up in what the Red King called "Anglo-Saxon attitudes," charming, fairy-tale folk, with little vitality. In the days of the Renaissance we catch constant little glimpses of ordinary mankind about its ordinary routine of life, but there is as yet no consistent, thorough-going representation.

In the seventeenth century, Rembrandt, Ostade and Teniers tell us much of life and its occupations, but it is an astonishingly imperfect picture that we get. In the eighteenth century Hogarth, Moreau and Chodowiecki portray life as it had never been done before, but through even their delightful pages we get only occasional glimpses of the casual, crowding, incident of urban existence. In Hogarth we feel always the moralizing preacher, making and forcing his points for the sake of the argument. Chodowiecki lived in the Berlin of 1790, a bourgeois milieu so tight and tidy that it could never have been just as he tells us it was. Moreau did better than either of the others, for while confining his picture to the rich and the luxurious life of the court he nevertheless gave it to us in its most charming abandon and casualness. Rowlandson did for the England of his day, but his figures, when not mere paper manikins rustling dryly upon their strings, are too full-blooded and boisterous, and between his two extremes he rarely rings true except in the most Shandean of manners.

And so it happens that it was not until the Charivari was started shortly after 1830, with Daumier as its principal contributor, that we find a civilization truly depicted in its habitual, ordinary, casual, unthinking life, manner and gesture. None of the earlier men ever depicted the crowd, frequently they drew lots of people in a street or a room, but only with the greatest infrequency the living, swaying, pushing, swirling, many armed and legged animal we know as the crowd. But in the pages of Daumier, it appears again and again, hot, close packed, laughing or angry, hurrying or stagnant, but every time it is the crowd—the jam of urban folk which seems to have first been made towards the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Prior to his time we have seen gods and kings, farmers and soldiers, a few honest bourgeois and



LITHOGRAPH

February 2, 1848

HONORE DAUMIER

It's nipping, Mr. Galimord, it's nipping!

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum

many ruffians. It remained for him to discover the dwellers in the great city, the people who live four flights up in back, and he has never been given his due credit for it, because the people he discovered were we ourselves. When Millet discovered the peasant, the world (*i. e.*, the city people) was fascinated and urban gentry pseudo-philosophized and nearly-poetized and read eternal meanings into the unfamiliar drab bovine creatures with hoe and barrow. It was far away and strange, and as it never really came home to him the city man could survey it at its distance—a distance, moreover, which he was meticulous to preserve. But this other thing, this thing that was himself, was so familiar that he could not take it seriously. Seeing it as a joke he failed to recognize that jokes are just as fundamental, just as primeval, as silent drudgery, that quick movement is as natural as leaden footed labor, that the nervous gesture of the city man and his fluid emotion are just as elementary as the slow and stolid demeanor of the yokel. The joke was on him and so he never acknowledged it. He could not do so and at the same time retain his humorless self-respect—for were he to take it seriously as comment

it would have necessitated thought about himself, an examination of his ant-like tumblings and runnings to and fro, and an inevitable headache and sickness of heart.

And thus it happens that snowed under the portentous vocabularies of the art-scientists, covered up in the portfolios of collectors, buried in the cellars and garrets of libraries and museums, the greatest commentary ever made upon the modern man has been allowed to sleep unknown and unappreciated—and all because when it said it it smiled, and the people didn't realize that it was speaking the truth.

But in underneath this Daumier of the social commentary and the collectors there lies an even more interesting one, he of the painters and draughtsmen, the artist who during forty years of constant endeavour applied his mind constantly to the problems of draughtsmanship and picture making, to the things, that is, which stay constant through all the fluctuations and changes of subject matter and which just as they always have been, always will be, of interest. To understand him it is necessary to think of the times and the ways in which he worked rather than of the subjects he worked at, to forget



LITHOGRAPH
The Singer Recalled

January 9, 1857

HONORE DAUMIER
Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum

his legends and to disregard all thought of his wit and humor and political beliefs and desires.

Although he had earlier begun to work, Daumier emerged as a definite personality about 1832, and from that time until the autumn of 1872, when failing eyesight put an end to further labors, his hand was never idle. His working life, and it should be remembered that he was both a political and social caricaturist, stretched through Empire, Restoration, Charte, July Monarchy, Republic, Empire, Commune, and on into the Third Republic. When he began, David, Prud'hon and Goya were the great European painters; he saw the rise and the careers of Géricault, Ingres, and Delacroix; Millet, Courbet and Corot were approximately of his own generation; Manet died only four years after he did; and Degas, Cézanne, Renoir and Monet had already produced much of their best work when he was finally borne from his house at Valmondois. His first lithographs were made at a time when there was no railroad in France and no electric telegraph, and steamships were a great novelty. Paris itself remained architecturally and in many other respects an eighteenth century city until long after he had reached full maturity. In his youth he must have known men, not much older than he was, who had fought at Leipsic and Waterloo, and he was the principal caricaturist during the dark days of Seventy and Seventy-one.

During the more than forty years of his active career he put forth such a volume of work as it has seldom been given to any other man to produce, for in addition to all his drawings and paintings, and his thousand woodcuts, he is said by Messrs. Hazard and Delteil, the compilers of the standard catalogue of his lithographs, to have made about 4,000 lithographs. Without going into any elaborate statements or figures, what this means can be appreciated from the fact that it is more lithographs than were produced by the combined labors of Goya, Ingres, Géricault, Delacroix, Eugène Isabey, Raffet, Corot, Manet, Fantin-Latour, Toulouse-Lautrec, Redon and Degas, taken all together. Whistler made about 160. Put in this merely statistical way, it means very little unless that he was exceptionally busy, but when it is taken in connection with his one boast that he was a man of his time, and with the fact that he was a very considerable draughtsman, it means a great deal, and goes a long way toward explaining some of the most patent defects and merits of his work.

He was a professional caricaturist attached to the staffs of various daily and other papers, for which during forty years he ground out at an average two lithographs a week without allowance for vacations or illness. The grind of such a performance is almost inconceivable and explains why, among his prints,

there are so many which are dull or stupid, the work of a man who obviously for the moment was not and could not have been keyed up to first-class work, a task to which no human being could have been constantly attuned. Much is made by his biographers and critics of the fact that he did not draw from life but did everything from memory, a trait about which many cheerful anecdotes are told, but if one thinks it over it is obvious that there was nothing else the poor man could do,—it was one of the essential conditions of his journalistic calling. To this is due the fact that much of his work is lacking in that quality of realistic detail which comes from long and careful study and note taking of the particular model or subject—his statements are generalized rather than particularized because he, when working, was literally thinking in the general terms of memory rather than in the more specialized ones of immediate and imitative vision. Thus, his early political portraits aside, they having been based upon searching study of the heads, there is to be found in his work little or none of that incisive portraiture which is so marked, for example, in some of the etchings of Rembrandt. Everything, every detail, is apt on looking at it to be found lacking in definite particularization. His costumes, especially those of his men, have a most marked family resemblance throughout his long career, the details of fashion counting for comparatively little in his vision.

But to balance these things, defects if one will or personal idiosyncrasies if one take a broader attitude, there was one of the most amazing concentrations upon the more fundamental problems of picture construction and draughtsmanship that the modern world has ever witnessed, for by the time that Daumier had finished his work he had become one of the two or three greatest masters of pictorial composition that France has ever produced.

In the beginning, in the eighteen thirties, he thought little enough of composition or of light or color or atmosphere, his whole attempt being centered upon the plastic realization—forced and caricatured as his calling required, of the ministers of state and their principal parliamentary supporters. From a merely human point of view these portraits, as has been said, were not so much caricatures as calumnies. Artistically they are studies in planes quite as definitely as any sculptor's drawings, which in fact is what they were, for the preliminary studies underlying them were often not drawings but models in clay which he made in the visitors' galleries of the legislative chambers. His work of this kind is most marvelously resumed in the famous "*Ventre Législatif*," into which he put everything that he knew about the plastic representation of the human head. Such compositions as he essayed at this time are rarely noteworthy for balance or careful adjust-

ment, and although a number of them are smashing in their contrasts of black and white, even the well-known *Le Fantome* is somewhat shrill and empty, and the *Ventre Législatif* itself, perhaps his most notorious single print, has somewhat the flavor of a compilation and little enough of the inevitable quality which marks so many of the little known, but very much greater, masterpieces of the eighteen sixties. When one comes right down to it these early pieces are much more important as political, historical documents than they are as works of art.

Until 1835 Daumier was principally confined to personal political caricature, but in that year a series of statutes known as the September Laws put an end to his work of this kind, for though later on for several short periods he was able to return to personal caricature, it never again became his regular daily task. Shut out by law and the fear of fine and imprisonment from continuing the work at which he had made his reputation he was forced to fall back upon social caricature. This was a field in which he had already made some popularly successful attempts, but from now on it became his principal business in life.

To caricature the man in the street is a very different thing from caricaturing the specific person if for no other reason than that the man in the street has no highly developed individual personality or idiosyncrasy. Mimicing a crowd and making fun of it is as different from doing the same thing to an individual as the crowd psychology is different from the psychology of the individual man. And it had its immediate effect upon Daumier, who, thrown out of his visual habit, was forced to fall back upon generalities where hitherto he had dealt in particularities, not to say personalities. Crowds and their component individuals have gestures, expressions, movements, all of them generalized or typical of many men and women, and to these things Daumier now bent his strength.

Where previously he had been a serious political caricaturist whose business it was to express vigorous opinions about individual men, it was now necessary for him, as a professedly comic artist, to raise a general laugh. Naturally enough, he resorted to precedent and took up the type of exaggerated expression and gesture that was the stock in trade of such then popular but now well nigh forgotten men as Travies and Grandville, and shortly was known as their master at their own rather foolish game of buffonery and horse laughter. Travies had invented a character, Mayeux, who ran through much of his most popular work. Daumier, with the aid of his employer, Philipon, invented two, Robert Macaire and Bertrand, whose adventures delighted Paris of their day much as do those of Mutt and Jeff now in New York. (It was apropos of the Macaire

series that Thackeray wrote the only appreciation of Daumier that was to appear in English until long years after Daumier's death.) He ran series of Bathers, male and female, of "Perfect Days," and of all sorts of other things, especially of rascally lawyers and brutal judges, a series now famous as the *Gens de Justice*, and another in which he burlesqued the gods and goddesses of classical antiquity. Even today many of these things are still funny, still delightful in their utter foolishness, and others of them are invaluable documents for the student of manners and customs, for in them as not even in the immediately contemporary novels of Balzac are the people of Paris to be found. Most of these things are rarely enough hits from any point of view other than that of their specific subject matter and its human comic treatment, and if Daumier had ceased to work in 1850 he would have been remembered as a great political cartoonist and the very amusing creator of a valuable commentary for the social historian, but he would hardly have been recognized as a great and dominating figure in the history of modern French art, for all but an astonishingly small part of that work upon which his abiding renown is surely to be based was done after that date.

In the eighteen forties he lost his way while groping for it, and went through a period of experimentation which was frequently not entirely happy in its results. Whether he was becoming disgusted or tired of the slap-stick methods of fun making which had made him so popular, or whether he merely followed the change in taste that marked the gradual disappearance of the men who survived from the immediately post-Napoleonic times it is difficult to tell, but in any case his overblown comicality began to quiet down. His humor became gentler and fuller of sympathy, and at the same time he became absorbed in some of the problems of picture making to which hitherto he had paid little attention. Instead of following any of his hard worn recipes he began to experiment. At first his attention was led to a striving for color, for an increased richness of effect, and later to the problem of light or atmosphere, for up to this time both light and color had been conspicuously absent from his work.

His earlier experiments for color involved no difference in the way in which he conceived of his picture, which still for the most part remained a mere depiction of an incident or happening drawn in a vignette or undefined space. As his color problem was more closely attacked and as it became complicated with questions of light and atmosphere his method of drawing changed, the individual line playing an ever more important part. By the middle of the eighteen fifties he had forged out for himself a linear formula from which he never after mate-



LITHOGRAPH

June 26, 1858

HONORE DAUMIER

Well, you're not going to dress? . . .

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum

rially varied—had he been a painter it might be said of him that he had finally got his palette set and had worked out his methods of application of pigment. But he was still far from having solved the real problems of color and light in his prints, and it was not until the end of the decade that he got on the path which was finally to lead him to complete mastery. Whether or not he was conscious of the problem that he was working at or deliberately thought out the means for its solution there is no way of knowing, but the probabilities are that it came about without any very great amount of cerebration on his part.

According to tradition, it was just a little before this time that he began seriously to work at painting in oil, a medium in which it was not possible to work in the indeterminate vignette form, and in which pictures not only have four definite sides but a definite space within them that had to be filled. In 1857, the first fruits of this thinking of pictures as things within and organically related to their frames began to be seen in some of the theatrical caricatures, and by 1858 the progress made in the study of

composition is quite remarkable, some of the invention shown in such a series as the *Comedians of Society* being of all but the very finest. In 1859 the series that came out in the album entitled *Au Bivouac* shows still further progress in this construction of the picture within its four sides. In 1860 he lost his job on the *Charivari*, publishing we are told but twelve lithographs in that year. In 1861 it seems that only one lithograph by him was published, probably one that had been done the previous year. In 1862 he contributed ten prints to the *Boulevard*. In 1863 there were but four, which came out in December just after he had again gone on the staff of the *Charivari*. In 1864 he was regularly at work once more, producing no less than 106 prints in the *Charivari*. In 1865 he published 108, and then in 1866 began the series of caricatures on international politics that occupied the greater part of his attention until the end of his life. During the four years 1860-1863 he devoted himself primarily to painting, working definitely for the first time in his life at a thing in which the frame was all important. It showed immediately in his

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Proquis Parisien par Daumier.



au théâtre. - un quatrième acte saisissant.

GILLOTTYPE
The Fourth Act

February 13, 1864

HONORE DAUMIER
Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum



LITHOGRAPH

January 23, 1866

HONORE DAUMIER

Taking the article of M. de Girardin too seriously and coming to offer their services

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum



H. Daumier, 1. Rivoli, 58.

LITHOGRAPH
The Nightmare of a Deputy

December 7, 1869

Lith. Walter Feiler, Paris, 1869.

HONORE DAUMIER
Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum



GILLOTYPÉ
Peace, an Idyl

March 6, 1871

HONORE DAUMIER
Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum

prints, for nothing that he had ever before done was comparable to several of the drawings that he produced in 1862, or to the great series in the *Charivari* in 1864 and 1865, in which Daumier, the picture maker, showed his greatest and fullest powers.

As one looks at the prints of these years from 1862 to 1866, in the first two of which he made but fourteen lithographs, one is immediately impressed by three things, the suffusion of light, the great size of the figures, and the wholly amazing compositions. At last the problem of atmosphere has been solved as by no other maker of prints and by but very few painters. The prints are all gray, there are no violent contrasts of dead black and pure white, all through them light and air have their being, to such an extent that it is very little of an exaggeration to say that by mere tonal relations one can tell how far a figure stands in front of a blank wall behind it. The figures in their turn, these bourgeois Parisians, have become enormous, filling and dominating space, not because they are any bigger in fact than the figures in Daumier's earlier work, not because they are placed in juxtaposition with things smaller in scale (the ineffective trick resorted to by such a minor draughtsman as Gustave Doré), but because, in the slang of the studio, they were "seen big." The compositions in their turn have also become big, the figures and accessories filling their spaces with an assurance and ease that is completely magisterial, not being in space so much as being themselves a part of space, its integral and component parts. But curiously, as one looks into these pictures there have been no great changes if any in the draughtsman's formulas of representation or in his methods of laying lines and tints to represent tones and atmosphere. The only fundamental difference lies in the picture construction, the basing or buttressing of everything upon those four now most definite lines that limit the form and size of his picture. Everything being determined by them, compressed and held together by them—for without them as fulcra the balance of spaces and figures could not have been achieved, the composition, the pictorial construction, stands out as the really determining element in all the advance that had been made in other things.

In 1866, when Prussia began to weave the net of armed skirmishes and diplomatic difficulties that was to culminate in the quick and successful raid which is now known as the Franco-Prussian war, Daumier was again turned from his path just as he had been in 1835 by the September Laws. This time he again became a political caricaturist, but not as he had been in his youth. Then he had fought Louis Philippe and his ministers in the bitterest kind of personal caricature, a caricature in which portraiture with its necessary seizing and development of per-

sonality has been all important. From that he had been turned to the more generalized treatment involved in social caricature, and by dint of thirty years' hard work had finally succeeded in creating great pictures of the bourgeois scene. He was now taken away from this and plunged into a species of cartoon in which he had to deal, not with such definitely enough visible things as the men and women of the Parisian streets, but with such pictorially pure abstractions as war and peace, the ballot and suffrage, France, Austria and Prussia. His art had to take a leap from the world of actuality into that of symbolism, he had to deal with the most generalized kinds of ideas that are imaginable. Again he rose to his task and for a period of six years there came forth in a steady stream a series of masterpieces which may be typified by such well-known prints as "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," "*La paix, Idylle*," and "*Pauvre France*," and which wound up in the late autumn of 1872 with his two last and most powerful political cartoons, both oddly enough dealing with death, the "*Monarchie*" and the "*Conseil de Guerre*." It is still upon the precedent set by these final years' work that a very large portion of the best contemporary political caricature of today, both here and in Europe, is immediately based.

One would like here to dwell upon Daumier, the supreme technician, to point out the various and important part that he played in the development of the woodcut in France, a medium in which some of his most astonishing masterpieces were produced, and the experiments that he made in other relief mediums, such as the Gillotype and upon "chalk plates." But space is lacking and it must suffice simply to say that sometime when the obloquy under which all modern relief work suffers in the eyes of the collectors shall have disappeared, it will be apparent that a large number of Daumier's most beautiful designs are to be found in these now despised prints. Several of the items reproduced as illustrations for this article are Gillotypes and not lithographs, and they may be left to speak for the whole group they represent.

By thinking almost entirely of his pictures as wholes, and seldom or never wasting time or effort upon minute delineation or imitation of detail (for, as the French would say, he wasn't interested in the "*perfection du morceau*"), Daumier placed himself outside the range of vision of people who are interested in imitative representation. There were many other men who reported small fact better than he did, many who having time and the graphic sensuousness addressed themselves to lithography as an end in itself and considered the "quality" of their impressions as something of importance. But as for Daumier, lithography was so familiar to him and in itself so immaterial that he lost consciousness of those

aspects of it which loom so large in the minds of artists less thoroughly at home with it and in those of many collectors of fine prints. He was thus able during the last twelve or fifteen years of his career to put his mind immediately upon the expression of his ideas without any hindering self-consciousness. As nearly as any modern man he achieved draughtsmanship and picture construction pure and unadulterated by the difficulties or prejudices of medium, thus breaking through and away from the barriers of

physical technique into a world of thought and expression, in which both logic and values are utterly different from any this side of that barrier. Although his greatest and rarest merit, this technical "beyondness" is undoubtedly the principal reason why Daumier's late work remains so entirely foreign to most people—the greater number of whom are still much more interested in watching the wheels go around than in seeing where the car is taking them.



EMBARCATION FOR CYTHEREA

JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU

The Louvre



THE DEATH OF ÆNEAS

PETER PAUL RUBENS

Berlin

LANDSCAPES BY FOUR MASTERS

By ALLEN TUCKER

THE value of writing about pictures is problematical, for it is only by seeing them that they can be comprehended. However, by the writing people may be impelled to go and see them, stay with them, look at them, until from them come those messages that can be sent in no other way. For from each of the arts we get the influence of the creator, but get it in a way that is untranslatable, and, if not given and received through that particular medium, is entirely lost.

One has been told many times, that the appreciation of landscape, landscape of itself, is a capacity of the modern, told how Wordsworth discovered English landscape, told how the modern painters were the first to paint pure landscape, the first to see the beauty and wonder of the surrounding world.

Of course, like most things that are told, it is mostly nonsense, or to say it more politely, only partly true. The psalms of David—but literature is not the subject, and one must keep to the subject or the gentle reader, although perhaps relieved, will surely become confused.

I think it is true that in recent times men have for the first time devoted themselves entirely to landscape painting, but the implication that this is the first time that men have understood and cared for landscape is quite untrue, and there are four landscapes, painted by men who were considered figure painters, that for comprehension and grasp of the marvel of the visible world, I would commend to attention, for perhaps from them we may get some of that largeness, that hold of totality, that sacrifice to the essential, and that balance and power that are always needed.

There is first that little picture of Giorgione in the Giovanelli Palace in Venice. One can never lose the sense of deep delight with which one first saw it. One will always remember that wonderful deepness, thickness of the color, the color permeating, filling the canvas, as though it had been dipped in color; you could taste it, as your eyes considered it.

The quality of the color is extraordinary, words mean nothing, it must be apprehended by the spirit,



VIEW OF TOLEDO

Privately Owned

EL GRECO



THE TEMPEST
Giovanelli Palace, Venice

GIORGIONE

through the eyes. The balance, grace of composition, is as always with Giorgione, complete. His knowledge of technical means is so adequate, so profound. The whole picture comes to you at once, one moment you have never seen it, and then you see it, see it all and you never again forget it, never are the same after the impact of that high, leaping spirit that was taken out of the world too young.

Then there is Watteau's "*Embarcation pour la Cythère*." This is not pure landscape, for the figures give and hold great interest, create and make the movement, both the mental movement of the embarkation, also the visual movement into the third dimension. But those figures unless enveloped by that astonishing landscape, would never thrill us as they do. It is the sky, the light, the joy, the lift of the air that are the things and make us inhale the odors of the Isle of Everlasting Bliss, make us for a moment breathe the air of the hopes of our vanished youth.

People talk about Turner being the father of the Impressionists. I dare say he had his effect, for there are usually many causes to any valuable result, but before people are too sure about Turner, they had better go and look at this Watteau in the Louvre, and then remember that the French Impressionists saw it easily and always. For be sure that in this picture are envelope, light and air, rendered in terms of color.

Now to a landscape by Rubens. He whom it is somewhat the fashion to speak of as sensuous, concerned with earth and earthy things. In several of his pictures we have him driving wind, the pure wind of the open world, the wind of his highest and noblest self, over and through a canvas, as few have ever done it. The trees are filled with it, bend to it, turn under the weight of it. An amazing sense of motion fills the canvas. It gives the greatest exhilaration, the finest pleasure. Consider, in addition to the landscape herewith reproduced, a small landscape in the Prado. A little Diana runs in the streaming air—after her escaping prey, while the wind, driven by the power of Rubens, fills one's being, blows through one the greatness of his energy. Blows out of one, for a little while, all small and petty thoughts, blows from us all weakness, blows into us the force and ability to achieve.

And now the last picture that I have to talk about, perhaps the greatest landscape that I have ever seen, going farther, reaching beyond anything else, deeper, higher, more terrible, more beautiful. I mean the El Greco, the "View of Toledo," that is now in the possession of a private owner. It is no easy picture; one must have felt, have enjoyed, have suffered, in order to understand it at all. Probably few can ever entirely understand it. Cold, fierce, dire, it flashes upon you the beauty of the created world, rends you, and shows you the terror of life, the wonder of death, the completeness of love. It strikes you through and through, you are overwhelmed by it—and after all—what is it? The pale town rising from the grey rocks and green driven grass, rising, rearing its cold towers into a broken sky—that slashing, stabbing sky, that sky that seems as if it would at the next movement be torn apart, and we would see into eternity.

In art always, of whatever kind, we are affected by contact with the mind, the heart of the producer, and with this picture we are under the spell of one of the deepest and most complex and curious minds that has ever existed. The mind is revealed to us by the design, through the lines and color, for it is by these means he imposes his will upon us, his will, his imagination. We see not only Toledo surging up, the very heart and ardor of old Spain, but beyond all that we are by his spirit lifted up, enraptured for a great moment, carried to a place otherwise inaccessible to us, a place from which we can behold mysteries.

I think that we should try to understand that greatness comes out of greatness, that in the work of art it is the impact on us of the soul the character of the painter that is what counts; but besides the psychical question we can by a study of these landscapes learn an immense amount of what a great landscape needs to have.

We can try to feel the largeness of the whole, the bigger things, so that we may not think, as is often done, that landscape is only a place for the exercise of bleating lambs, but learn to realize that with landscape painting, the greatest emotions of the human heart can be expressed.



GEORGE B. LUKS

GEORGE B. LUKS AND FLAMBOYANCE

By GUY PENE DU BOIS

THE temptation in writing about George Luks is to take the idea for which he is the symbol and make him the tool of it. This, not because he may be or is the tool of it, but because it is a manifestation rarely encountered in this form in any part of the country, and because it is probable that we have a need of its developing influence. The tonic thing that Luks says is only newly said in this country. Europe has heard it at intervals: Germany in music, France and England in literature, Italy, Flanders and, especially, Holland, in paint. The best word to describe it, I should think, is flamboyance, which has a root in flame and suggests the gesture of fire. Luks' art makes that gesture along with the man. In pointing to Holland in preference to Italy the point made lies in that while the Italian manifestation has had an aristocratic turn, the one in Holland as in the instance of Hals and the Little

Masters, on the contrary, has been republican.

The flamboyance of an early Roman painting, a Pietro Cavallini, let us say, is nearer literally to the flame root, to the color of fire than anything from any modern republican. The later Italian flamboyance, even in Tiepolo, who was a magician, is shoved down the aristocratic funnel. It goes down a demanded direction. It is a drunkenness employed by a sovereign. Even in the goldsmithing of Benvenuto Cellini the direction is obvious. These abundant decorative devices are made for an extravagant aristocracy. Thus the flourish is often purely stylistic, a thing which takes no account of economy in language or of simplicity in idea, a thing made for a sophisticated upper class requiring the bizarre to pull it out of its boredom.

The republican brand of flamboyance, you will find it in Swift, and in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy."



THE SAND ARTIST
Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

GEORGE B. LUKS



THE SPIELERS
Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

GEORGE B. LUKS

Rabelais is fatter, richer and more fluid. No stylistic ruffles are added to the body of the dress unless they may be shown to have a definite economic utility. This is a thing for the plain man which may be said to have grown as a reaction from the reckless extravagance of the aristocrat. The quality of integrity is never forgotten. The solid middle-class virtues are polished. The flourish may be said to be happy-go-lucky, but it is never without an air of sincerity and genuineness, a fat look of *bonhomie*. One pats the maker of this flourish on the back. One exchanges homely or even vulgar words with him. He drinks beer with the coachman, has his clothes brushed with the lord. He draws no class lines, though he may, insidiously, feel some. He is jolly and arrogant and vulgar at once. His pose, in the matter of the brotherhood of man primarily, is Christian. He is down on the four legs of the human level. This last is said without disparaging intention. The republican philosophy largely aims to prove the error of standing up too straight or over-straightened by pride. Man is humble. Following that premise republicans reach out among their fellows while aristocrats, denying the premise, reach up above them.

It does not matter that this seems more theoretical than true. Most art is theoretical and true. Very little of art is practical or, if this is plainer, very little of it may successfully be tried on the facts of life. Perhaps the facts which are the truths of small people (most of us are that) are too near them. The artist assembles great masses of facts and uses only those which appeal to him. It is out of his selection that he builds his truth. It may be conceptional or perceptual, come before or after the fact. This though in the former case it is questionable whether he can swallow another man's philosophy whole and retain enough of his precious personality to make a definite imprint with it. The artist is a sensitized plate gathering impressions from an environment, from the voice of a people and a place and giving them out again intellectually ordered and marshalled, giving them out in a more direct or evident or comprehensible form.

Art is too generally confused with artisanship by the conception that it is made in three parts at least of good taste. In America good taste resides in the Eastern States—by the confession of these states—and is composed almost entirely of fear. In any case it is inconceivable that any flamboyance could exist within the confines of its precedential conservatism. Architects, as I have said perhaps too many times before, are the high priests of it. It may be that they have influenced American canvases. If they have, however, their way has been roundabout, their influence insidiously injected, for every artist will

deny it. The fact is, anyway, that there is an enormous amount of willfulness, of intellectual direction, in the consistent good taste of most American canvases. This is true to a nearly intolerable extent in the prize-winning examples, and in their case is an evidence which cannot be taken lightly, for prizes are usually awarded by a consensus of opinion. Indeed, even when they are awarded through political machinations or favoritism of one kind or another there must still be some attention paid to the impression created upon those outside the ring and care taken to waylay or avoid their suspicion.

Good taste or the thought of it, as we know it in this country, is very largely a middle-class concern which begins at the manner of holding a fork, as an example, and ends at the pronunciation of a word or the decoration of a drawing room. It is considered so much a factor in the computation of social status that those persons who are uneasy upon the question of their position in the social scale, fortify it by the employment of instructors in fork holding and drawing room decoration. Indeed, taste is one of the most fearsome bugaboos in ordinarily comfortable lives.

George Luks, the flamboyant, has nothing to do with good taste of one kind or another. I do not know whether this makes him seem an especially honest or an especially ingenuous man, and do not think that it matters in the least. Nor does the fact that he is a Pennsylvanian and an Easterner make much difference. The fact that he was born under a republican form of government in the nineteenth century accounts for the nature of the flamboyance, but it does not account for the flamboyance. This is essentially his own, a natural gift of vitality just as in the instances of Rabelais and of Rubens. This vitality is the sort of power that will tear through fences and quite gaily pull at the pillars of established temples. It is not necessarily iconoclastic.

George Luks begins by having the bad taste of the braggard and goes on with a mad extravagance in untempered garrulosity and the impertinence, quite unconsidered on his part, to exhibit canvases fat in form and luscious in color to a people accustomed to the cramped works of painters with whom good taste is a dominating idol. Where they will select the parlor words out of life's dictionary, Luks will go to those whose strength almost carries an odor with it. The choice is quite often one of need and not of politeness or chance with Luks. He wants to make a record of the fullness of life, to render its rich flavor and warmth. This he does with a quality akin to mellowness and a sensuousness that is its counterpart. There are no static moments in a single one of his successful canvases. They do not flow with the swift urbanity of the lines of Rubens.



WOMAN WITH A CHURN
The Barnes Foundation

GEORGE B. LUKS



THE LITTLE MILLINER
Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

GEORGE B. LUKS



GUITAR PLAYING

Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

GEORGE B. LUKS

They have a slower, squarer, less sophisticated rhythm—probably a more homely one—but they have a natural and easy exuberance that is very like his. Perhaps Dutch art is nearer to him, however, nearer socially. Rubens was a courtier. Luks can be one only for short spaces of time. The moment must and will arrive when he will say a thing or two or even three about the great George B. Luks.

He is a child who, in constant admiration of the things around, cannot in all fairness be asked to avoid mentioning the principal one. Good taste be hanged. Luks is too proud to be modest. He is also too proud to be polite. He will temper nothing. These things which he is about to do, whatever they are, must be done. He must go directly to them. He will go to a great canvas with an enormous

brush loaded with color and make and unmake numberless starts in one day. He will fight himself: wipe out a moment of timidity with a house painter's brush or the boast of a Gascon. Human, all too human. He will be sloppy and he will be strong. A magnificent picture will be born in his studio one day and a puerile one the next. His worst is the worst of all bad pictures: mighty strokes brushed around a non-existent structure, a braggard's castle in Spain.

The man is almost beyond belief. A flood of words full of sense and nonsense. A drink that exhilarates and then, suddenly, becomes too strong. Few of our painters have a similar light in their eyes or so real an enthusiasm. But, with the exception of Chanler, none of the painters of his gener-

ation can equal his vitality. This last is something which must be stressed. It is an explanation of the man's tremendous gesture, of the prodigal size of his virtues and vices, an explanation of the rush of his words and of the extravagance of his ideas. The art has a great deal of this in it also, but it is more conformist than the man. The man is without inuendo except when a smile discloses it. The art contains many subtleties, things to be read between the lines. There is a pregnancy in his color which will sometimes remind of that sense of something impending which lends so much force and color to the meticulous lines of Meryon.

The impending thing in Meryon is mystical, the creature of a mind that could give life to inanimate objects and fill space with ghosts. Meryon, if that is possible, is outside his epoch, outside any epoch. He was temperamentally an anomaly. Luks in relation to his time and place is merely possessed of greater vitality, enough so that he never stops to

question taste or manners. He remains a tonalist when the school is antedated. Perhaps he is an objector to the Puritanism around him, a man waving his arms in an effort to taunt a thin-lipped and tight-elbowed crew, a man who deals in that which the Puritan will call carnal. But this with no willful intellectual frankness, no pose of placing his cards on the table, and no attempt to make a virtue out of a necessity.

He is a sensualist, a sentimentalist and must also be superstitious. The first two rarely exist without the third. He must weep just as readily as he laughs. His Sand Artist and his Prize Fighter may, for all I know, belong to the same sentimental mood. It does not matter that one may be called a sweet little boy and the other a beast in the shape of a man. The other has the garish pallor of physical extremity. Luks must have suffered with him. The very horror of the reported reaction to the suffering fighter is probably proof enough of that. The man



THE WHARF

GEORGE B. LUKS

Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries



CLOSING OF THE CAFE

Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

GEORGE B. LUKS

is beaten until he is a boy again, a boy hiding a wish to cry or a desire for sympathy behind the dazed surprise and shock of the beaten beast. Another artist, another period and we would have a conqueror here, a Greek god gladiator in a plastic attitude. (The sympathy is now with the beaten.) Luks' gigantic "Wrestlers" have nothing of that in them either. They show considerable strain, a tautness in the muscles, blood and a gasp in the face.

The conqueror in this bout will not stand up and crow. His great strength will be exhausted for the moment. The common sense of the plain man will wind no heroic fairy tales about him. He is a great hulking machine made of beef and sinew, to the surface of which there surges a hot blood. Humanity enters in republican art. Luks could not, like Praxiteles, coldly examine the agonies of a slave in chains. He will make no grand gestures, none, at least, suggesting elegance. He will deal much more in urban joys as in the New Year's Shooter or in pathos, a

thing which the brotherhood philosophy has very highly developed. His most famous picture, "The Spielers," now in the collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, shows two young girls dancing, two young girls of the class to whom the street organ is an opportunity. His sympathies will constantly be linked with the downtrodden. He shows here that they can be joyous. He will agree with Jerome Myers, who fights the regulation of the children's play in city parks.

In, however, his numerous pictures of The Duchess (they bear different titles), a slattern old hag on whom life has very successfully tried out its array of blows, he plays upon the vices of the lower or less fortunate classes with a ruthless revealing power. This revelation is made largely in color. I have never seen a more inherently licentious color with the possible exception of one or two canvases in which Arthur B. Davies, with lazy rhythms, suggests the secret thoughts of adolescence and reminds me of the



JOE ARMSTRONG
Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

GEORGE B. LUCKS



THE BUTCHER BOY
Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

GEORGE B. LUKS

preciousness of Beardsley. But Luks is a long way beyond that period. It is, indeed, over the hill; a thing with memories and no future, a senile thing. There is the suggestion of this spirit in some pen and ink drawings, caricatures of old men's heads by Quentin Metsys and in the loose-lipped old rake of a Hogarth satire. But these are comparatively innocuous and a literary and psychological work rather than a product of pure painting. No real health is left in this Luks color, not an inch of clarity.

The portrait of a Czecho-Slovak, a full length of a young man in uniform, is a jump out of this slinking darkness into a full and robust light. The motif might have been borrowed from a decorative canvas by Zuloaga. But the debt ends with the initial stroke of the brush. The Spaniard and the American are miles apart. Luks has never made a decorative flourish. Zuloaga hides many vital things beneath such flourishes. There are besides many marionettes, painter puppets in Zuloaga's closet. Luks' figures either exist tremendously as people, or do not exist at all. But it is a mistake to call him a realist without qualification. Indeed, it is a mistake to call Degas a realist without qualification, although the Frenchman owned a coldly analytical eye and an implacable mind.

None of these qualities is in the American. He must color every fact, lay on great swathes of romance and sentiment, make the thing he feels fuller than it is so that there can be no chance of our missing his point, so that the richness of the thing and of Luks will not be lost. Something of Dickens in this and a suggestion of the beef-eating Britisher, of Fielding as an example, often in Luks. He has painted more than one Amelia, more than one girl

whose innocence and purity fall just short of the insipid and will quite easily balance a scale with his sophisticated Flapper astride the other pan. The man is versatile enough and not a playboy despite the joy in the slapping of his big brushes and the joy, also, in the quick lines of the heavy pencil with which he sketches. These sketches, however, will never be a proper introduction to the painting. They are the scribbings of a man too sure of the importance of every mark he makes and not meaty enough.

Accidents will inform some of them, but they are rare. However, none of this art is without its fortunate accidents. The painting is enriched by them. Luks is not a manufacturer, nor of those craftsmen who make an *a priori* plan for a picture. His work is much more than half intuitional. He is a colorist. A dealer in the riches he finds around him.

The intellectuals with a compilation of the selections of a careful analysis have erected the fearsome structure of good taste. It is a logical structure, a proof that two and two make four and a difficult thing for little minds or any minds to combat. But it is a structure without a heart, a dead shell out of which the warmth has escaped or rather in which it could never have lived. It stands coldly the symbol of a hatred of anything whimsical, emotional, sentimental, sensuous; of anything to do with impulse, of anything to do with the vulgar senses; a damper upon all natural processes, enthusiasms, tears and laughs. There is no assurance that George Luks knows of its existence. This does not matter. It could make no difference to him. The thing that he is full of must come out. It is not the result of calculation. It is the result of the push of a live thing and it cannot be stopped by anything dead.



THE JACK-RABBIT
Courtesy of Whitney Studio Club

REUBEN NAKIAN

NOTES ON FOUR GOTHIC VIRGINS

By STELLA RUBINSTEIN

FIGURE 1

THIS group reproduced herewith was made about 1257. While in the 12th century the Virgin played only a secondary rôle in the Sculptural representations of the Cathedral, in the 13th century she becomes the most favorite theme with the sculptors. She is then represented standing, is of a less Divine type than the Virgin of the 12th century and unites the grace and charm of the ladies from the finest class of society of the time. This one is of the greatest purity and nobility.

FIGURE 2

This group of the Virgin and Child was made about 1180. It belongs to the transition period from the Romanesque to the Gothic style and is a perfect example of the spirit prevailing in the representation of the Virgin in the 12th century in France. She is seated looking straight before her and holding on her knees the Divine Child who is giving the benediction with His right hand. The faces both of the mother and child are worked from nature while the garments with their conventionalized but beautifully arranged folds are still worked in the Byzantine manner. The whole composition so full of dignity and spiritual detachment differs completely from Virgins represented about half a century later to which type belong the ones of the 12th century here reproduced.

FIGURE 3

This group of the Virgin and Child was made about 1280-90. She is called "the Golden Virgin" and is the most famous and best known of all the Virgins of the Cathedrals. The modeling of the head and hands is of exquisite beauty. She is slender, graceful, typical of some great lady of the period and wears a robe in the fashion of the time. She is standing, the weight of her body slightly thrown to the left, producing that irregularity of pose which is beautiful in her, but much imitated later became exaggerated. Her features are of extreme delicacy. She looks smiling at her child, who also smiles.

FIGURE 4

The last Virgin, the one from the central portal of the western façade of the Reims Cathedral, was made about the same time. She differs both from the standing Paris Virgin and from the one from Amiens. She has neither the proud and simple attitude of the former nor does she show the affability and grace of the latter. She is a great lady



VIRGIN
NOTRE DAME, PARIS

Figure 1



VIRGIN AND CHILD

Figure 2

NOTRE DAME, PARIS

conscious of her own rank and social position. Her features are aristocratic and the expression somewhat affected. The draperies, however, and the figure

as a whole are of the finest quality. As for the child, its head has been restored in the 19th century.

All three belong to the best period of French



VIRGIN AND CHILD

CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS

Figure 3

sculpture and gloriously illustrate the Golden Age of French Art. They also show the transformation which took place in the representation of the Virgin.

Until about the latter part of the 12th century her rank is secondary and she is simply regarded as the person designated by God to be the Mother of



VIRGIN AND CHILD

Figure 4

CATHEDRAL OF REIMS

Christ. From the beginning of the 13th century, however, the Virgin occupies in all churches the place of honor and is herself considered divine. It

is to her that prayers are addressed and it is through her gracious and divine intervention that miracles are performed.

JAPANESE PRINTS AT THE GROLIER CLUB

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

WE must grant that Japanese prints constitute only one small, gay, and lamentably brief episode in the vast history of Asiatic art; yet, late and frivolous-hearted creations that they are, they somehow manage to touch us with a fascination that loses none of its power even when we recall, in comparison, the sublime and severely ascetic landscape-painting of the fifteenth century, or the classical Buddhist portraits of the ninth. Those were different ages, and different languages. This later, popular art of the eighteenth century moves in a world of experience that lies far apart from the high religious seriousness of its predecessors. Nevertheless it would be mere blindness for us to fail to recognize the elements of pictorial expressiveness that are to be found in each of these widely-varying types of Japanese design,—in the later as well as in the earlier. The wise amateur will be content to enjoy each for its own sake, without any too-pedagogical effort to assign to each its relative rank. It is quite probable that these things cannot be reduced to any common denominator; every one of them may have its own specific claim to being regarded as beautiful and memorable.

But as to the prints. Now that the Grolier Club has hospitably opened its doors to the general public for the whole month of February, there is offered an opportunity, for everyone who wishes it, to see what we mean when we say "Japanese print." Such opportunities are rare—rarer than most people realize. To be sure, there is probably not a single little Japanese curio shop in America that does not carry a stock of inexpensive wood-engravings that were without doubt made in Japan; but it is not of these late, commonplace, and wholly degenerate productions that one talks when one uses the phrase. The great Japanese prints, the works that gave this art its everlasting fame, are today objects of the utmost rarity; in fact, they are not to be seen at all except in a few private collections and a few great museums. The group shown by the Grolier Club in its loan exhibition consists of one hundred and twenty-five sheets, selected from five New York collections that are among the choicest of existing collections; and the interested student will have to wait long and go far before he will find a group of similar excellence brought together again. In fact, a considerable number of the prints shown are almost matchless impressions of famous masterpieces, selected with discriminating

skill and patience from the markets of three continents.

Perhaps it is ungracious to point out any deficiencies, where so much is offered; but in the interests of accuracy, two curious lacks must be noted in the exhibition. One lack is the absence of any specimens of those large, full-length portraits in black-and-white, which were the chief glory of the early Primitives—the grandiose *kakemono-ye* designs of Kiyonobu, Kwaigetsudo, and Kiyomasu. The other lack is the all-but-complete absence of those long, narrow, strikingly superb designs called pillar-prints, or *naga-ye*. Just what the reason is for these gaps, I do not know; it may be that these larger sizes of prints have been eschewed by most collectors simply because they do not conveniently fit into ordinary portfolio-cabinets; or it may be that the somewhat exaggerated importance which New York collectors are said to attach to "condition" has prevented them from acquiring prints of this type—a type which, from its very nature and the uses to which it was put in the old Japanese household, can seldom come down to us in a condition that is wholly flawless.

Two magnificent examples of the pillar-print type are indeed included; and they make us long to see more. One of them, the so-called "Flute Player" of Harunobu, will call itself to the special attention of every observant visitor; its simplicity and linear subtlety touch the very heights of the art. Of all the artists whose work is shown in this collection, it is perhaps Harunobu who is most finely represented. His famous snow scene of two lovers under an umbrella, known as "The Crow and the Heron," appears in an impression of such exquisite quality as is probably not to be matched anywhere. Also his "Court Lady in a Boat," his "Two Girls on a Windswept Beach," and his "Young Man and Woman drying Floss Silk" are all memorable examples of the graceful line-work and faery-world coloring which characterize this most charming of all the Japanese print designers.

Sharaku, that unique and powerful portraitist, is represented by a fine group of the savage actor-heads which he produced toward the end of the eighteenth century for the mingled admiration and hatred of the theatre-goers of Yedo. The rare and fascinating artist Choki appears in two incomparable masterpieces (and one is certainly violating no confidences if one mentions the fact that one of the two, the "Two Girls in Moonlight beside a Stream," was

purchased only a few weeks ago, at a public sale in Paris, for a sum in excess of thirty thousand francs). From Shunsho's numberless actor-prints have been selected eleven that stand as a monument to his strong and versatile genius; and that most variable of artists, Toyokuni, is represented by nine rare designs that show how good he could be when he was at his best.

Kiyonaga's commanding Olympian figures appear in many fine and famous prints. But the writer of this article, at least, seeing them thus side by side with the work of other designers, felt an additional confirmation of a suspicion that has long been growing in him:—the suspicion that Kiyonaga is the most over-rated of all these artists, and that the Greek nobility of his figures has heretofore blinded us to the fact that most of his compositions are monotonous, lifeless, and unimaginative. Kiyonaga's line-work is indeed vigorous; but most of his figures walk with the stereotyped stiffness of very bad fashion-plates or paper dolls. In the company of the reckless experimental genius of Shunsho and Harunobu and Utamaro and Buncho and Sharaku, he seems like Benjamin Franklin or President Harding strayed into the Mermaid Tavern. His work is too prudently correct, too much the work of a "big stiff," to hold permanently its present supreme reputation among the creations of so many vivid, versatile, hot-blooded designers. He has his claim to a place; but I gravely doubt whether he is, in any serious sense, the "culmination" of the art.

As one wanders from print to print in this rarely interesting exhibition, and sees how intensely so many aspects of the old pleasure-loving Japanese life are rendered, one is touched with a little melancholy—realizing, as one must, that this is a dead and finished art, from which no living shoots are likely to spring. Only a little more than one century was allowed it for its time of flowering; then it ceased to have any active existence; and now, after

many years of neglect, its reliques survive only in the vaults of museums and the portfolios of collectors. It was a product of a peculiar and evanescent moment in Japanese life:—as one French collector puts it, "*un moment exceptionnel de la sensibilité.*"

But we are fortunate in having a few supreme examples remaining to us, after all the vicissitudes of fire and earthquake to which they have been subjected; and we may get enjoyment and profit from trying to understand them in all their varied aspects. Mr. Louis V. Ledoux, in his admirable and humanistically conceived catalogue of the exhibition, recounts in a few sentences an accurate summary of the place which this art takes in Asiatic art history. "By the middle of the seventeenth century," he says, "when the ancient feudal wars of Japan had become legends and the country had long been at peace, the prosperous middle classes of the capital and, to a certain extent, of the whole empire, had begun to demand self-expression in art. They were comparatively rich, they felt secure, they were light-hearted, bent upon pleasure. . . . Thereupon a popular school of painting sprang into being, gathering to itself and expanding certain phases of earlier Japanese art; and this school, disregarding the canons of classical painting, unmindful of the Buddhist spiritualities, or treating them with scant reverence, concerned itself solely with the glamor of daily existence, the joy of life, the beauty of the present world. The chosen medium of this school was the color print. Prints were made cheaply and sold by the thousands. . . . They were the 'Vogue' and 'Theatre Magazine' of their time; but they were as well marvels of line and color, marvels of technical achievement, so filled with a sense of the joy and beauty of life, preserving with such passionate intensity, such sensitive appreciation each ephemeral loveliness, that they have won a place apart in the art of the world and in the affections of those who are familiar with them."





TWO LOVERS WALKING IN THE SNOW
The Grolier Club

HARUNOBU
February Exhibition

FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

By ALEXANDER BROOK

Jules Pascin

SOME years ago, after Jules Pascin first showed his water colors and drawings in New York City in a one-man exhibition, they were to be seen severally in an occasional exhibition; but his name in the catalogue was an added inducement to visit the gallery in question, and never was one disappointed in the quality of his contributions. One was informed that he already enjoyed a wide reputation in Europe as cartoonist and illustrator, and after seeing some of his drawings in *Simplicissimus* and his illustrations to a book by Heinrich Heine, this was easy to understand; certainly his saucy subjects, dealt with in spicy style, would insure appreciation of a certain kind in any land, while the value of his æsthetic achievements is far more fundamental than their mere subject matter and his name was mentioned with admiration by all those interested in contemporary art.

These infrequent glimpses, however, were far from satisfying and merely whetted one's appetite for this exotic delicacy. Then gradually a painting in oils appeared here and there, and one recognized therein the same personal touch which one was accustomed to find even in his slightest sketches. But still one hungered for more, until now at last at the galleries of Joseph Brummer may Pascin be seen at his very best from his early works up to the most recent paintings and drawings.

No one interested in modern art should miss a sight of these fourteen paintings and thirty-three drawings, a large and delicious repast, properly seasoned with many a good bottle on the side. And here one might observe that Pascin's earlier drawings seem to have been done with the idea of finality and could rarely be regarded as sketches; whereas his later drawings seem often to manifest a more impatient gesture, the stronger impulse having turned towards a fuller expression in oils. This, however, is not always the case, as shown by the *Italian Girl*, *Cupid*, and others. His painting has become a more definite assertion and I am sure that, as time goes on, we shall think of Pascin as a painter to the same extent that we thought and think of him now as a draughtsman, though never will we forget his drawings, nor, do I think, will he let us; for Pascin is a versatile worker, endowing all he creates with warmth and energy, and breathing into it his own insinuating spirit.

Yasuo Kuniyoshi

Yasuo Kuniyoshi's exhibition at the Daniel Galleries is undeniably homogeneous. It is possible to hang his paintings and drawings alternately without depriving them of any of the qualities that they might express singly. Kuniyoshi has boarded a one-track train that has been steadily forging ahead in its own peculiar way; and his idiosyncrasies are well expressed by his manner of entitling his canvases in a language worthy of Herriman, creator of *Krazy Kat* and *Ignatz Mouse*. "The Calf Doesn't Want to Go," "Al Perkins Drying Fish," "Farm Hand with Good Cow," "Fuzzy Weeds," "Three Cows with only one Calf," "Farmer's Daughter with three Cows," etc., to select at random some of the titles; and his work itself is fraught with the same charming elusive humor. Frogs are as important as oceans, weeds are as big as the firmament, and for this reason each square inch of Kuniyoshi's canvases is equally beautiful with the rest. No sloppy technique is his, nor careless application of color, but work throughout of the most thoughtful kind.

A friend of mine, recently returned from Italy, told me he had met an Italian painter who had asked if it were true that Kuniyoshi was one of the most important young painters now working in America. Having been abroad for some time, my friend was out of touch with affairs over here and enquired of me if this were a fact. I told my friend that I agreed with the gentleman in Italy; and although Kuniyoshi does not wholly lack genuine appreciation in America, still I would like to see the effect his work would have on Europe. I am quite certain a warmer reception would be accorded him there; and should this be the case, his name might then take on the importance here that is his due.

There has been much wonderment and Freudian analyzing of Kuniyoshi's particular love for cows as a subject, and many heterogeneous conclusions have been reached; but if you go about it properly, Kuniyoshi himself will explain it to your entire satisfaction. I stumbled over the solution a year ago last New Year's eve whilst dining with him in a Japanese restaurant. The room was decorated with toy dogs, embroidered dogs, the noodles were the shape of dogs; in fact, there were dogs of every form and description. I asked him the significance of this canine preoccupation and he told me that every year had its different pet animal in Japan; snakes, chick-

ens, goldfish, all have their turn, and the forthcoming year was dog year.

"Is there any further significance?" I asked.

"If you are born in dog year, you act and look like a dog," he answered.

I asked if that were generally believed or his own little pet theory. It was his own idea, I was informed, a conclusion he arrived at after careful study and much deliberation. I braced myself for the final query: "What year were you born in?"

"Cow year."

As I write this I can still hear Kuniyoshi's laughter; it was a laugh that filled the room and nearly knocked the dishes off the table.

Kuniyoshi neither looks nor acts like a cow, and because of this, doubtless, he feels that he owes the bovine family something, so paints them constantly. It is his duty and he does it. And, of course, he must prove his theory in some way.

To quote James Stephens:

Cow, cow,
I am thou, etc.

A Distinguished Print Exhibition

At the Keppel Galleries, until February seventeenth, is offered a very distinguished exhibition of prints by modern French artists. Discrimination has been shown in the choice of names for the catalogue which assures one of a show worth seeing, and the assembly and selection of the prints is most successful. Although it once seemed a long stretch from Corot to Picasso, they and many intervening artists are here united in an exhibition which seems consistently classical in the finest sense of the word. Delecroix, Pissaro, Manet, Degas, Cézanne, Renoir, Cassatt, Gauguin, Forain, Steinlen, Matisse and Derain are the other artists represented.

The Whitney Studio Club

At the Galleries of the Whitney Studio Club the latter part of January was opened an exhibition of the work of Katherine Schmidt, Alexander Altenburg and L. William Quanchi. With the work of the two latter I am, alas, unfamiliar, but I remember seeing with interest Katherine Schmidt's portrait of "A Hard Boiled Egg" last Fall at the Salons of America, and know that she has many more of equal merit tucked away. It is the first time she has shown more than two or three canvases at a time and it will be a pleasure to see a roomful. I have explained, at least to my own satisfaction, the "cow complex" of her husband, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, but I am afraid I will have to leave the stout-blondelady-attired-in-a-spotted-dress complex of Katherine Schmidt to someone else. However, I may offer

a little suggestion to the effect that light, spotted materials are indicative of spring, and spring is indicative of joyousness and this, I suspect, is what she experiences when painting, for hers are all happy canvases treated with charming simplicity.

Joseph Stella

New York is a mythological city of infusible elements, of unrealities, impossibilities, the preposterous spot where perpetual motion defies denial, where an irresistible force meets an impenetrable body, a hydra-headed monster rearing its head leagues above the wonders of antiquity. For what were the hanging walls of Babylon, the colossus of Rhodes or even the fabulous marvels of a lost Atlantis compared to the Woolworth Tower or the minute calculations and infinite intricacies of subway tube and Brooklyn Bridge? Titanic abode of little races, who shall



PLAY KATHERINE SCHMIDT
Courtesy of Whitney Studio Club

depict your incalculable facets or compress your incommensurable beauties with a plastic symbol?

If, after a sojourn in this inferno or El Dorado, after experiencing the incidental dumbfounding sensations, the visitor were to reach the Grand Central Station, and, with a sigh of all too human frailty, await the train that should bear him thence; and then if only, while standing beside the gates, that visitor might cast his eyes aloft and behold an extraordinary painting, as it were New York's last magnificent farewell, a final incredible gesture wherein it performs the impossible once more in the superb act of self-expression.

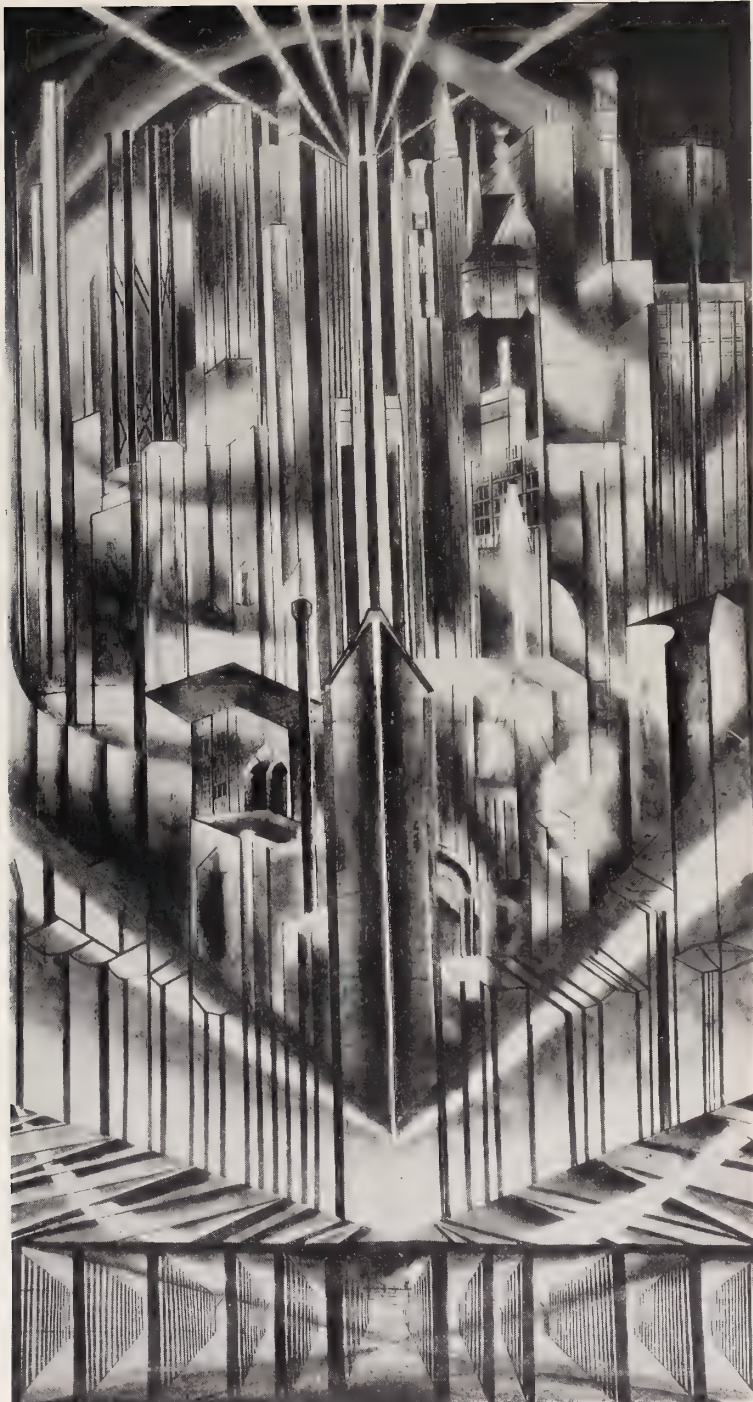
Such places as that, or similar positions in a public building of equal grandeur, would be the ideal setting for Joseph Stella's series of five panels now shown at the *Société Anonyme*, entitled "New York Interpreted," and by far the finest things from the hand



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

JOSEPH STELLA

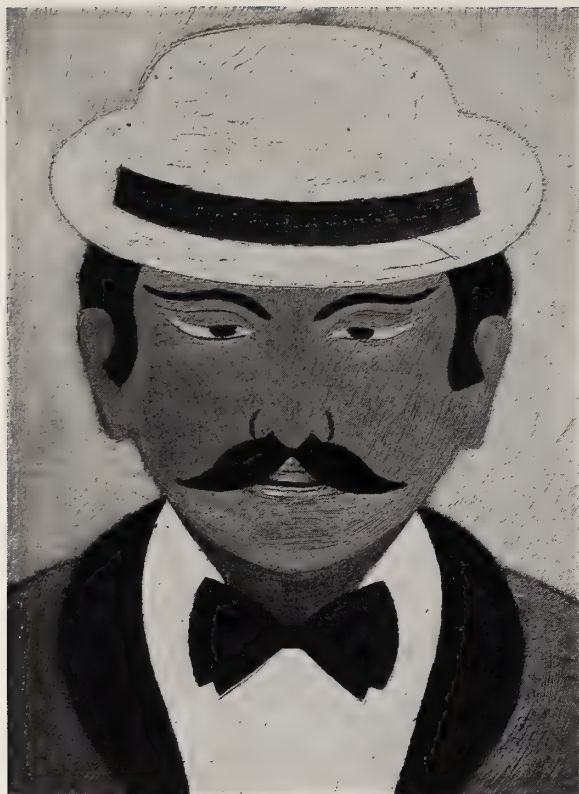
Courtesy of The Société Anonyme



THE PROW

JOSEPH STELLA

Courtesy of The Société Anonyme



GENTLEMAN FROM INDO-CHINA
By Mell Daniel Courtesy of Belmaison Galleries

of this artist. Stella has been considering this subject for some years and it is evident that he has thought with clearness and accuracy, for the painting of these panels shows no halting step nor second consideration after once he began work. They are guided by a very definite vision that performed promptly and without hesitancy or vacillation of any kind; and it was certainly a splendid idea of Stella's to have various views of the subway at the base of each panel supporting the city above.

But I feel their real value to be lost in the small room they occupy. The apartment is fairly bursting with them. I would like to see what Stella would do with a huge wall or ceiling, or, better still, an enormous building that might take years of work and put to a worthy purpose his gigantic energy. Of such a task he would acquit himself well, I am sure, for he is the kind of man who must paint big things.

An American Group Exhibition

Frequently one is attracted to an exhibition by a list of promising names in the catalogue, only to meet with disappointment in finding that many of the artists have contributed their inferior canvases or work seen so often before that the appearance of

the galleries lacks freshness. This, however, is not the case in the First Annual American Exhibition now opened at Belmaison, Wanamaker, since the canvases are chiefly on their initial showing, the younger group of modern painters being well represented in addition to the more established men.

Florine Stettheimer's portrait of "Louis" is a dazzling canvas, well and humorously conceived. Rivalling it in brilliance is Mell Daniel's "Gentleman from Indo-China," which is treated in simple flat surfaces of pure and clashing color. Wood Gaylor once more shows a painting of a theme similar to that by which he is best known. Men in blue shirts and women in pink chemises disport themselves at an "Auction," but we suspect from various concomitant indications that there was more to the evening than the title would indicate. His figures may be stiff, but they are unreserved. Max Weber's "New York at Night" is a well organized canvas with color peculiarly his own. We have seen Louis Eilshemius' work from time to time at the Penguin Galleries some years ago, and annually at the Independent. This artist goes along his own paths, seemingly untouched by outward influences. I am always attracted by these ladies so evidently beautiful in the eyes of Mr. Eilshemius. "The Boudoir" is a particularly good example of his quaintness of vision.

The fundamentally solid and well painted "Still-Life" of H. E. Schnakenberg stands out well. There is dignity and honesty in this artist's work. "The Ascetic" by Horace Brodzky is an individual canvas. Charles Sheeler, whose work is always distinguished, contributes "Skyscrapers," which I have seen before, but which I was particularly glad to see again. The "Nude Child" by Bernard Karfiol is noticeable by its undeniable integrity of purpose and idealism.

Others exhibiting are Jules Pascin, Yasuo Kuniyoshi (both of whom I have treated more fully elsewhere), Walter T. Guggenbuhl, Aileen Dresser, George Biddle, Wright Luddington, George F. Of, Walt Kuhn, Eugene Speicher, Walter Pach, William Glackens, John Covert, Leon Hartl, Preston Dickinson, Thelma Wood, Charles Duncan, Oscar Bluemner, Robert W. Chanler, Gus Mager, Joseph Stella, Samuel Halpert, Alexander Brook, George Bellows, Henry McFee and Andrew Dasburg. This exhibition will last until February 17.

Georgia O'Keeffe

It seems to be Georgia O'Keeffe's business to take objects, thoughts and emotions that most people would rather ignore, and glorify them in paint. She experiences all things deeply and when brought to the surface, these experiences are unfolded directly



SKYSCRAPERS
Belmaison Galleries

CHARLES SHEELER
February Exhibition

on canvas. One does not feel the arm's length that is usual between the artist and the picture; these things of hers seem to be painted with her very body. Her paintings of still-life—green apples that give one the colic, flowers forced into Woolworth vases, her landscapes imbued with tragic poetry, and finally her abstractions, these last whispered in some cases, shrieked in others, seem all to be transfixed by an absolutely clean dagger that pierces neatly and hits a vital place. Her painting is, in fact, clean. It is the first adjective that occurs to the beholder. Had Georgia O'Keeffe taken up the customary duties of woman, had she married and kept house, there would have been no dust under the bed, no dishes in the sink and the main entrance would always be well swept. That is what one is forced to think of her paintings. They are well swept, but not so much by a broom as by a strong wind.

Miss O'Keeffe's exhibition of more than one hundred pictures remains at the Anderson Galleries until February 10.

Russian Art at the Brooklyn Museum

Sometimes we put on our goloshes and enquire our way to the Brooklyn Museum,—this time for the purpose of visiting the exhibition of Russian Painting and Sculpture, a large but unexhilarating show.

I have never seen a small canvas by a Russian. Not that I am clamoring to see one as I have had my fill of the big ones to last me some time to come. Kandisky (who, alas, shows one picture only) and Feder are the only two artists represented there who seem to possess any merit at all, with the added exception of a few of the stage-designers, well known through the *Chauve Souris* and *Ballet Russe*, and whose work is often very amusing in its depicting of Russian village life. But viewed as a whole, the gathering seems to be characterized by the meagre artificialities of many schools.

After remaining at the galleries for a couple of hours, I departed with a catalogue and the inward assurance that the paintings there had made a deep enough impression on my mind, and that my ideas



LANDSCAPE
Anderson Galleries

GEORGIA O'KEEFE
February Exhibition



PORTRAIT OF GEORGIA O'KEEFE

MARION H. BECKETT

had become sufficiently formulated to enable me to write at length concerning these matters. However, upon arriving home, I found that I could visualize nothing, that I could remember nothing, that only occasionally did I seem to hear the blood-curdling shriek of Boris Anisfeld's yellow peacock in the "Garden of the Hesperides"—that all had apparently vanished away; in fact, I had not seen an exhibition at all and I hoped I never would again.

Seriously speaking, the exhibition is of no importance whatever. I do not feel that the work is indigenous to Russia, nor is it the well digested art of any other country or countries. It is a pastiche of many alien influences, and as such should not discourage our expectations of a possible future art in Russia.

Marguerite Zorach

The embroideries of Marguerite Zorach have been seen off and on in various places, but at the Montross Galleries, February 5 to 17, there will be on view the most complete collection yet assembled. Her depiction of New York, a photograph of which is herein reproduced, other and similarly interesting decorations, bed spreads and hooked rugs represent the work of the last twelve years. Her designs are modern and delightful, while the craftsmanship leaves nothing to be desired.

Henrietta Shore

Another woman painter to loom on the horizon in her initial showing is Henrietta Shore, now exhibiting her pictures at the Ehrich Galleries. She is a Canadian by birth, and has exhibited extensively in the larger cities of that land. She then went to Los Angeles where she became a leader of the more modern group, later coming east to study with Mr. Robert Henri.

Her earlier work discloses a clever manipulation of the brush and a facility to put down what she then saw. However, Miss Shore no longer sees things the way she used to—or possibly she does not feel things as she used to. For the past year and a half she has turned away from pure representation

to the painting of more abstract canvases. In this later work she achieves a really remarkable evenness of execution, but one is inclined to think occasionally that it is repetition rather than stability. The recent output she calls her "Creative Group," bold statements of all manner of things ranging from her conception of "Two Worlds" to "Two Leaves," and all that happens in between. Here it may be curious to note that these canvases seem to be related to Georgia O' Keefe's, but very distantly.

The Architectural League

The Architectural League of New York is holding its thirty-eighth annual exhibition at 215 West 57th Street. It is particularly well arranged this year, and there are many works of interest that cover a wide field. The architects show an auspicious originality, while the landscape architects are represented by exceptionally fine examples. Desirable homes, beguiling gardens and alluring prospects abound.

Those caring for furniture will find excellent reproductions by the Erskine-Danforth Corporation and by the Kensington Company, both of New York. Kantack, Heath and Orman have good things in wrought iron, especially a simple little ceiling fixture that is delicate in design and beautiful in workmanship. Mr. Walter W. Kantack is the designer.

In the way of painting, there is Mr. Robert W. Chanler with his "Fantasy of Leda," and there is Mr. Roy MacNicol, whom we suspect of looking at Mr. Chanler's work with great admiration. Mr. Thomas Benton's "Symbolical History of the United States" lends life and color to the room and there are three diverting panels by Mr. Putnam Brinley.

On the whole the exhibition holds much to attract; though, as with every other showing of such enormous dimensions, one must hunt about for oneself. Nothing of extraordinary merit comes shouting after you, but it would not be dignified to shout in the Fine Arts Building, and far from welcoming it, we might be shocked, in fact we should be shocked, at such an occurrence.





THE CITY OF NEW YORK (1920)

MARGUERITE ZORACH

Montross Gallery

February Exhibition

THE AUSTERITY OF THE ARTIST

By CHARLES D. LAY

THE sensualist is, perhaps, the greatest enemy of art, for he appears to be a friend in our camp. He looks like us and he speaks our language, with but a slight trace of the gutter. He is not recognized as a deadly enemy and he may be himself unaware that he has the power and is ready to plunge a knife in our hearts.

It is not the coarse sensualist of the Broadway show, not the tired business man, for he is known on sight as a leader of the Philistines, but it is the man of culture, of refinement, of delicate taste and discriminating fancy, demanding of every art an outward agreeableness without regard to the true content, who wounds the artist. The hedonist must have in art an absence of all conflict between emotion and execution, and a grace of manner in keeping with the interests of a civilized gentleman. He must have first of all a pleasing surface. The sculpture must be finished on the outside like his briar pipe, no matter how vile it be in content. He must have no awkwardness of gesture, no violence of movement or expression lest it disturb the blank placidity of his soul. The picture for him must have a "patine" (so they betray themselves) to be admired and caressed. In the etching they worship line, as if line by itself were anything. Artistic emotion without these ingratiating qualities is to them shocking, for they live on sensuousness.

All these delightful stimulants for the senses have a place, if the artist wishes, in any work of art, but the true artist has grown beyond these trammels and sees in the pursuit of them only a digression from the hunt as if someone had drawn a scent bag across the trail.

The artist is usually thought to be the most abandoned of all to sensual delights. Perhaps he has been and possibly that is part of his being an artist. It may be, too, that the sensualist keeps the weaker artist, rather against his will, in bondage to sensuality. This is done by praise of sensual qualities, by purchase of sensual pictures, and by indifference to emotional content when unadorned. But to the artist who goes on to greater things and frees himself from sensuality all surface delights and graces become annoyance. They steal time, and time to grow, to ripen, to produce, is the artist's most precious possession. Those who steal his time by their unwelcome presence, by forcing on him articles of luxury, by demanding that he surround himself with sensuality are stealing his fame and

his future. So we know why Winslow Homer avoided New York and sought the simplicity of Prouts Neck, for he was a strong character and without sensuality.

We, today, remembering Savonarola think of the Renaissance as a time of luxury and sensuality, but many of the artists were austere and Michael Angelo was ascetic. "Abstemiousness in every respect and work steeled him. He need have wanted for nothing, for he gained great sums; but he let the money lie, or he supported his family with it. "Rich as I am," he said once to Condivi, "I have always lived like a poor man."

Corregio, who, as Berenson says, belongs spiritually to the 18th Century, found his sensuousness a limitation which kept him, in spite of great capacity, from reaching the highest point of æsthetic expression.

We remember Whitman and the simplicity of his old age. We know the quiet poverty surrounding Ryder with a protective aura. We know too, the short life artistically of those who have given way to sensuousness and by following that primrose path attained success. The parvenu becomes first a sensualist, buying, as the cynical dealers say, things to wear then rugs to walk on. If he passes from this barbaric stage to an appreciation of spiritual things, good; but if he stops there and begins to have yearnings toward philanthropy, it is bad for us and for our art museums, for they are already bursting with collections which delight us first by their voluptuous appeal to the sense of touch and of color, and, second, in more subtle ways by their intricacy or difficulty of manufacture. Laces, embroideries, rugs, porcelains, furniture, appeal strongly to our sensual pleasure, but how few of them have any power to arouse an æsthetic emotion. How dull these things are to the lover of beauty! We must, I think, learn to distinguish between objects of art and objects of luxury, for no matter how skillfully designed the object of luxury may be it must always take a place below the work of art, which transports us to a higher world of more intense reality.

In architecture is it not the same? Is the architect not often hampered by a client's desire for richness of effect, while his own heart is in the simple forms which he would express simply, free from confusing detail or ornament or expensive materials. Must a building be like a jewel box?

In former days the studio was the shop and the

artist was constantly interrupted in his work by the shopper. The studio was full of properties and artistic junk to interest the buyer and give that environment without which the old time painter could not do business. Few of these old studios now remain. Today the painter's and sculptor's workrooms cannot be distinguished from any others, except for the tools and the incompletd work standing around.

The artist sometimes gains a degree of freedom because of the modern dealer who provides for the sensualist a carefully arranged setting in which he can see and purchase the artist's wares.

It is easy to understand how the sensualist has clouded our vision by constant attention to sensuous qualities, by the insistence on a childish point of view, so that we come by degrees to look first for the pleasing qualities in any work of art and neglect its fundamental reason for being. For if a work of art is not something more than sensuousness, it is no more than a flower or a fruit. To lift it from the realm of objects simply pleasing it must be an organization complete in itself and capable of arousing in us the emotion, the sense of beautiful reality felt by the artist. The organization of the work of art is effected by the artist by means of order, rhythm, harmony and balance, and its appeal to the spectator depends upon these, together with simultaneous perception of form, space and movement. It is the consideration of the means rather than the sensuousness of the work which should be expounded and interpreted to us by the critic.

Early criticism of the impressionists show a pre-

occupation with sensuousness and a failure to see the æsthetic qualities of the work. They thought the work ugly, that is displeasing to the senses. The case was similar with the early critics of Wagner, who were offended by the harsh and unpleasant sounds.

That a great artistic capacity may exist, together with great sensuousness, is proven by Rodin, who was a great artist and a perfect sensualist. But he saw clearly toward the end of his life that there is a loss of emotion in this devotion to sensuality. Hence his praise of Maillol.

It is a pity that people must satisfy their craving for sensual delights in art. If they would get it from life and free art from this plight it would be well. Can it perhaps be that we owe this to the Puritan—that the first step away from the Puritan attitude is to gratify one's sensuality in art? One can imagine that the Egyptians were sensually well fed in life.. for their art is rather free from it.

Like all devout worshippers, the artist in time becomes austere, almost an ascetic. His working hours (and how few they can ever be), are wholly given to experiment, to creation, to realization. His leisure is spent in self criticism, in discussion, in study. He knows that a few graces do not make a work of art, that freedom from offense is not sufficient, so he comes to abhor the merely sensuous and prays as devoutly as John Woolman to be delivered from his cumbers. For why should he care much for the delights of the senses when his soul is filled with desire to see, and seeing, feel and make others feel the beauty of life and reality?



YOUNG AMERICA--REGINALD MARSH

By ALAN BURROUGHS

AT a lunch table at the Art Students League, as it used to be some few years ago, sat a group of serious thinkers, artists and people of the world, not one of whom had attained the age that knows better. Their voices broke shatteringly on obscure topics and melted again like mercury into one big shaky mass. The girls shrieked; the fellows growled. Quiet manners . . . one would not expect in an environment of supreme self expression. Nevertheless, was it not slightly odd for a male student to tell a female (at least she had hair too long for one of the other sex) to shut up? And for her to send back the comforting assurance that she'd spit in his eye? With this sort of thing predominating, membership in the League did not necessarily give one the atmosphere of seriousness, supposed to mark the pursuit of the ideal.

Yet, now, looking back at what were the mad young days of people who, at any rate, are still young, one realizes that some Leaguers must have had something in reserve behind this surface, though few have since then managed to contend seriously with the late Mr. Cézanne at his own game. Some, I know, conducted themselves in a fashion conservative by contrast. Some scarcely ever threw glasses of water across the tables or struck a woman, except in self-defense. And heart's ease! what provocation.

I am moved thus to dabble in student affairs because Reginald Marsh, who joined the particular group in mind, offers so strong a contrast. This student was serious to the point of boredom. He held to realism and scarcely ever found much to say in that mêlée of abstractions and snatches of theory. His voice came thinly out of the air; or with a surprising grunt he would start and end an observation all at once. Internally he may have been chuckling; externally he appeared merely shy.

Being a realist he naturally has a manner as modern as the work and thought about him. No one, according to his way of thinking has yet painted our grand subject,—our restless attempts at keeping up with "progress," our fitful search for architecture and the utter stolidity of the results. That hole along Fifth Avenue at 49th Street where the city's backbone lies exposed, thanks to the picturesque energy of Italian workmen, is a grand subject. It embodies a spirit worth more to him as "truth" than the huge shop building which will probably rise there.

For relief he caricatures most other subjects,

especially people taking their modern pleasures, swarming in the subway to the beaches on a warm day, picnicking, cabareting or dining stag. And in the decorative screen he has found an opportunity to paint both for a practical consideration and with that satisfaction which is of value to all who work sincerely. His Golf Course screen, blossoming with idealized bits of landscape gardening and "old-English" trees, has a solidity worth pondering over; in spite of the fact that it contains slyly humorous figures and tells a satirical story. Other screens hold a full round breath of sea, or tell an intensely decorative story. In each instance his character stands clear of his mannerisms.

Painting would take up all this artist's time were it not for his practice in cartooning and caricature, which now brings him in a livelihood. His bent serves him well. Recently he has been working for the *Daily News*. Whether in reproductions or in exhibitions of his drawings one can see in his style the result of long application, an ease of execution that frees the admirable nervousness of his ideas. Of course, one thinks of Forain, of John



REGINALD MARSH



THE EXCURSION BOAT

Courtesy of The Whitney Studio Club

REGINALD MARSH

Sloan and Boardman Robinson. As has been said, Reg Marsh lives wholly in the present. It is all to the good that he can do so and still remain thoroughly individual.

I spoke to Reg about writing this. "An interview?" he asked. The idea took. He suddenly had found something to talk about.

"I was born in Paris, in '98. At the age of two I came to New York. Steaming up the harbor I felt, though I never had been there, that here was my home. The skyline of Manhattan . . ."

"Mr. Pennell's sky line?"

"Yes, and Pennell's bridges, chanted an anthem. . . ."

"Yes, yes. . . ."

"I'm stuck. No I'm not. Without knowing what I was doing I pushed a button on the railing of the bridge and a whistle nearly blew me overboard. The boat stopped. Never forget it!

"At the age of thirteen I conducted a mayoralty campaign in the *Nutley Bulletin* by drawing a series of cartoons. Then I was sent away to military school where I learned to play the drum. I almost became timekeeper for the American Can Co. And finally, I took exams for Princeton and went to Yale, where I rowed on the twentieth varsity crew. It was a seven-oared crew; we never could find an eighth man."

"What is your favorite sport, Mr. Marsh?"

"I like to walk because I know how to do that."

"To what do you ascribe your success?"

"Conscientious work. I don't crave the sordid things in life, like money or fame; beauty—that's it. I want to educate the public to my pictures . . . at \$500 per. The most important factor in my development has been a half grapefruit for breakfast every morning. Gee, that sounds artistic!"

We cut short the "interview." Reg's pictures are much more understandable than his conversation.



GOLF CLUB SCREEN

REGINALD MARSH

Courtesy of Belmison Galleries



BOAT

Barnes Foundation

EDOUARD MANET

THE BARNES FOUNDATION

By FORBES WATSON

PART II.

In the first article on The Barnes Foundation, published in *THE ARTS* for January, a brief account was given of what The Barnes collection contains, and comment was made on the advantage to the public of having such a collection opened to them as a supplement to what the large museums offer in modern work.

The field of a small museum, like The Barnes Foundation, is naturally much more specialized than that of the modern department of a great museum which has amassed its collection through many different channels. Through gift, bequest and purchase the public museum represents many different

points of view. It could not and should not be specialized as a private collection may be and in fact is inevitably, if the collector's taste has positive character.

Dr. Barnes' taste has positive character, and therefore his collection is homogeneous. Pictures have not drifted into it for no particular reason. It is not too much to say that everything in it is related to everything else.

Of course it will not suit all tastes, but what everybody likes in a mild sort of way, makes no very definite impression on anybody. The effect of the whole is of a force and vividness that cannot belong to a collection in which the pictures neutralize each other. Even the Goya portrait, which we



FIGURES
Barnes Foundation

HONORE DAUMIER

reproduced last month, and the one or two primitives in the collection, are not wholly extraneous. They have their relation to the rest.

Neither are the pieces of primitive African sculpture really extraneous. The interest of the modern artist in Negro sculpture and in certain manifestations of present-day art are phases of the same revolt. They are symptoms of the artist's repudiation of haphazard naturalism in favor of a more abstract statement of the significant in art.

Last month we reproduced, together with other pictures from the Barnes collection, a series of masterpieces by Cézanne and Renoir, paintings that are among the great works of art of all time, and that, being housed permanently at Merion, will make Merion a point of pilgrimage for men of all countries. Renoir and Cézanne are the dominant elements in the Barnes collection, as they should be, since they are the two great leaders of modern art—the forces that have turned the course of art in the direction it has taken since Impressionism. I had the feeling, the last time I was at Dr. Barnes' house that I should like to find another collection containing a great series of Rubens, El Greco and the finest Sung landscapes. I wanted to compare what such a museum would do to me with what The Barnes collection has done. Some day I propose to reproduce paintings from such an imaginary collection and some moderns in juxtaposition. It may turn out that art's differences will appear far less striking than art's similarities. But this is an idle aside and I must return to The Barnes Foundation.

Renoir especially can be seen with remarkable completeness. (January ARTS, pp. 9, 19, 20, 21, 22.) The great number of his paintings (there are more of his in this collection than in any other) makes a cumulative impression of his power and influence to be obtained nowhere else in public. Renoir did not think of himself as a great innovator—but great innovators usually care nothing for novelty. Renoir himself said: "I have always believed that I was only continuing what others had done, and much better than I . . ." and again he said, "I never wanted to be a martyr, and if they hadn't refused my pictures at the Salon, I should have continued to send them there."

Renoir cherished the hope of holding a modest but permanent place in the French tradition, and indeed he was the legitimate heir of the painters of old. He was a born painter with prodigious facility—he could have covered acres of walls like the painters of the Renaissance if the conditions of his times had given him such opportunities.

He painted naturally as he breathed, and he painted all the time. He painted in a hotel room, on a sick bed, in a station, in his wheel-chair while

waiting for a train—everywhere and continually, and every conceivable kind of subject. His curiosity and interest in life were inexhaustible. Albert André, in a book of reminiscences of Renoir, quotes him as saying:

"For me a picture, since we must paint easel pictures, ought to be something delightful, joyous and *joli*—oui, *joli*. I know it is hard to get people to admit that painting can be very great and remain joyous. People don't take seriously those who laugh. Art in a frock coat, whether it be in painting, music or literature, always impresses. One of my pictures gives me the horrors now since someone baptized it *La Pensée*.

In the presence of Renoir's work, with its divinely sensuous color, one never thinks of effort, of doubt, of weariness. He is sensation itself. With all his immense knowledge of the painting of the past, and his reverence for the old masters, he knew how to respect his own instinct. By many he will always be enjoyed as the painter of the joy of life, of splendid animalism, but he is great as other painters are great—Rubens for instance—because he could be at the same time living and abstract. His pictures are not imitations of nature, nor even interpretations. They are creations.

From Impressionism to the ideas which rule the world of art today the transition may be traced in the work of Renoir. The Impressionists concerned themselves with effects of light. They made of themselves instruments for the transcription of light as nearly as possible exactly as it was seen. Sometimes they became almost mechanical, losing sight of the idea of creation for the sake of fragmentary truth about light. It is the fashion of the moment to disparage Impressionism, but Impressionism is an essential step in the evolution of modern painting. Its devotion to mere fact in painting transitory effects of light has been superseded, but only as an end in itself; as a means to create with the high key color and light of the Impressionists is part of the heritage of every modern painter. Theoretically considered Impressionism may be merely scientific, but before following the fashion of disparaging the Impressionists we might note that artists are never as scientific as their theories, and to rate the Impressionist's art according to his theories is a fallacy to which the modern artist is widely addicted.

Renoir used the Impressionists' light, but according to the requirements of his picture, not merely to record the literal fact about the light, though the sum total of his work includes many direct studies. He used to advise young artists to make notes out-of-doors in the presence of their subject, but to carry out the work in the studio.

His interest in actual life and his extraordinary



LADY AT WORK
Barnes Foundation

CLAUDE MONET
Photograph by Charles Sheeler



WOMAN RECLINING

Barnes Foundation

HENRI MATISSE

Photograph by Charles Sheeler

observation kept his art rooted to the earth, and prevented his ever becoming a mental acrobat, playing with abstractions. The marvelous equilibrium between instinct and mentality is a mark of his greatness.

The other great pillar of the edifice of modern art, Cézanne, is represented in the Barnes collection less extensively, as to numbers, than Renoir, but by extremely good examples. From Paris we hear that still another of the most important works of Cézanne is on its way to America for the Barnes Foundation. But already the collection has Cézannes of the very first order (January Arts, pp. 12, 14, 15, 16, 17). The portrait of Mme. Cézanne wearing a hat is as fine a specimen as could be found anywhere of perhaps Cézanne's best period, when his palette had become purer than in the dark, early work, produced under the influence of Courbet, and there is not one of the other Cézannes in the collection which will not bring significant

material to the student of this great "primitive of the new art." The series of still life subjects, which includes the astonishing one of potted plants, appears to have been selected with the idea of exemplifying the various stages in Cézanne's development.

Cézanne's brush never had the supple, flowing facility of Renoir's. Complex, tormented, forever searching, Cézanne requires more effort from the spectator. Reserved in temperament in contrast to Renoir's exuberance, he is equally an instinctive painter, and in the effect that he has had on subsequent painting, a greater innovator.

A profound and humble student of nature, and of the art of the past, he was an experimenter all his life. So much has been written about Cézanne that it is unnecessary here to go into the whole system of aesthetics that has been built up in France on his work and found loud echoes here. He would undoubtedly be astonished at the results of his



PORTAIT
Barnes Foundation

MARIE LAURENCIN
Photograph by Charles Sheeler



WORKMAN
Barnes Foundation

PAUL CEZANNE

researches in the work of subsequent seekers. Yet Cézanne was by no means unaware that he had something original and significant to give the world. Absorbed in realizing the volume of things, and absolutely direct in his methods, he creates order from the chaos of nature. The student of the Barnes Cézannes will find superb examples of his structural use of color. Drawing and color are not distinct from each other in these pictures. The creation which Cézanne makes, within the dimensions of his canvas, is so complete that not a touch could be changed without changing the whole.

One of the most recent acquisitions to the Barnes collection, a painting not yet shown in this country, is the Manet which we reproduce. Of the other French pictures in the collection, we are reproducing in this issue examples by Monet, Degas, Matisse, Picasso and Marie Laurencin.

Probably no artist has awakened more fury in the minds of conservatives than Matisse. And now that museums all over the world are acquiring his

work the artists are behaving just like artists and turning to newer fields in which to pick bouquets. One young thing told me that the trouble with Matisse is that he has too much taste. "Why, sometimes he's as bad as Whistler," said she.

Nevertheless, the young thing to the contrary notwithstanding, Matisse must be peculiarly exasperating to those who oppose his ideas, because there is so much variety in his work that they can hardly find two of his canvases that give the same ground for objection. The audacious exaggerations, by which he expresses what he feels to be essential in his subject, inevitably give offense to the literal-minded. But his vision is so fresh that one would think it might make even the literal-minded look again at things which, when conventionally drawn, have become stale and boring. And it is hard to see how anyone who has a capacity for art at all could fail to respond to the stimulus of his knowing color arrangements.

Of course Matisse is human. His success had



LANDSCAPE

Barnes Foundation

ERNEST LAWSON

Photograph by Charles Sheeler



LANDSCAPE

Barnes Foundation

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

been great and some critics claim that he has been growing careless, but this may only be because they themselves are bored by his tremendous over-exploitation. (There seem to be little Matisse everywhere nowadays from Moscow to Los Angeles.)

The liberty to make consciously arbitrary selection in the elements of a composition we may grant as being fairly won by the innovators of modern painting. Marie Laurencin, though probably not capable of hewing out the path for herself, is one of the most delightful artists developed by that liberty. Nothing could be more delicate than her exquisite improvisations. Who can fail to enjoy her sensitiveness, her light touch, the refreshing absence of insistent emphasis in her charming work?

Manet, Monet, Puvis and Degas are so thoroughly accepted now that they need neither defenders nor commentators. It need only be said that their works supply essential elements to the structure of the collection.

Pascin, a wanderer and a cosmopolite, at home everywhere and nowhere, fits into no classification.

The Barnes collection contains paintings by Pascin that are intensely personal, piquant, disturbing, and in at least one case, a standing nude, about as real as anything I ever saw painted. A vast old-world sophistication lies back of this achievement. No American ever saw such a nude first hand.

We have already reproduced the young acrobat by Picasso, that most gifted of moderns, whose stages are so clearly marked yet so numerous that to follow him is a matter of close study and comprehending sympathy. I didn't happen to see any such fine example of Picasso's Cubist period as the famous "Portrait" in the collection of Arthur B. Davies, and some of the Picassos in the Barnes collection seem to me cursory notes on Picasso's thoughts about African sculpture. Like Matisse, Picasso has made a fortune, and how fortune-making agrees with his artistic health will be seen when the opportunity arises to observe his later work more extensively.

Among the American pictures those of William Glackens play the most prominent part. Nothing of this artist's work has been reproduced, because in

March his art will be discussed in an article devoted entirely to him.

One of the strong canvases in the collection, the Portrait of Dr. Agnew by Thomas Eakins, an extremely fine example of the work of an artist who, in these years since his death, is coming to be recognized more and more as one of the soundest, sincerest and most individual painters that America has produced. That lyric son of Impressionism, Ernest Lawson, helps to support the American side of the collection, and we reproduce one of Maurice Prendergast's decorative color fantasies which adds its personal note to the collection. Accompanying this article also is a reproduction of Charles Prendergast's panel, imaginative and a fine piece of craftsmanship. George Luks is represented by *The Woman with a Churn*, which is Luks at his best.

But until *THE ARTS* has shown the exceptional examples of the art of William Glackens, which it proposes to do in the monograph on Glackens that the author has prepared for the March issue, anything like a complete idea of the American section of The Barnes Foundation cannot be obtained.

Something more should also be said about the art of Charles Demuth, which is splendidly shown in its best period in Dr. Barnes' collection.

Moreover, I am told by the donor that he is going to add to his American section and this is a particularly notable fact because, without any breach of confidence, it may be stated that the work which Albert C. Barnes selects for the American section of the museum will not resemble, in any sense, the selection of American museums where various official painters have, so to speak, their fingers in the pie.

These paintings will be chosen entirely without political significance and entirely without the devastating assistance of the clever artist-politicians who appear to believe that the American museum cannot do its duty toward American art unless the particular art institution, or club which they represent, is given first choice on its walls. Politicians, who are painters only incidentally, have had far too much to do in inserting into our public museums pictures that do not belong there. They will have no place in the Barnes Foundation.



PANEL

Barnes Foundation

CHARLES PRENDERGAST

Photograph by Charles Sheeler



THE FUTURE AMERICAN
Arlington Galleries

MARTHA WALTER
February Exhibition

COMMENT

The season is in full swing. In Philadelphia the annual Academy exhibition is about to open and before that has become more than a novelty the Society of Independent Artists will have its exhibition arranged on the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria. I would go to the Independent if only to see Pop Hart's things (we reproduce two of his lithographs from the coming Independent Exhibition), but there will also be many other works of interest. I have a warm spot for the Independent because if you have any sympathy at all for freedom you can always find the work of some young artists you don't know about and that is reason enough for the institution. It was at the Independent that I first saw the work of Alexander Brook.

In fact, the independent idea has done so much to bring out the free young spirits of art that now we

have two such societies. The Salons of America is also formed on the non-jury idea. The Salons will hold its exhibition later on in the new galleries of The American Art Association.

And while on the subject of independence, something of the sort has happened in Brooklyn. Thirty or forty artists have withdrawn from The Brooklyn Society of Artists and set up a modern group for themselves. It is understood that they will be given a chance to show their works of art at the Brooklyn Museum and the exhibition will not be confined to artists inhabiting Brooklyn. Other modern artists from various cities will join the group and enjoy the opportunity of showing their pictures in the well lighted galleries of the Brooklyn Museum.

At The Arts Club in Chicago an exhibition is being held of the work of Walt Kuhn. This is

but another proof of the good judgment of the exhibition committee of The Arts Club. For Kuhn is an artist who, after many experiments in different directions not always happy, has found himself, or rather, found his own road and is fairly galloping ahead on it. At the Chicago Institute of Art in March will be held an exhibition of Gertrude V. Whitney's sculpture. This exhibition, now at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York, has attracted so much attention that the polite little elevator at Wildenstein's threatens to rebel.

One of the exhibitions recently held in Chicago was made up of the work of Martha Walter, who is now exhibiting at the Arlington Galleries in New York. Miss Walter's recent exhibitions, both in Chicago and in Paris before that, met with quite exceptional success. In fact, in Paris she did what every good American artist wants to do before going to Heaven. She sold a picture to the Luxemburg and Leonce Bénédicté wrote many enthusiastic things about her work.

Buying pictures by unknown artists is not a habit with Americans. So something has to be done about it. Some years ago Mrs. Albert Sterner tried to do something about it by forming The Junior Art Patrons. The idea was to start the young buying just because they liked pictures, to get them in the

habit of acquiring works of art for the fun of it before they became prosperous old men interested only in "art investments." Somewhat along the same line is the scheme of the New Gallery which has formed a hundred dollar club. The layman pays a hundred dollars to join but he can't lose anything because he is guaranteed a hundred dollar picture in return for his dues. The club is designed to bring the artists who paint the hundred dollar pictures into contact with the laymen who buy the hundred dollar pictures. Didn't Degas once sell his pictures for less than a hundred dollars, not to mention Renoir, Cézanne, and about every other painter who ever lived?

We had a great many flattering letters last month but one of them was not so flattering. We won't quote it literally. The gist of it can be summed up in a brief question: "How would a delicate la Farge or a Weir look in the company of those awful Renoirs from the Barnes Foundation or those terrible Modiglianis?" From the recent exhibition of the work of La Farge at the Ferargil Galleries we reproduce Kwannon and we hope our correspondent will compare this illustration very carefully with the pictures in the Barnes Foundation in our January number which he dislikes so much. It will be such a useful comparison.



MARKETING

At the Society of Independent Artists

POP HART

February Exhibition



KWANNON

Courtesy of Knoedler Galleries

JOHN LA FARGE

Exhibited at the Ferargil Galleries

In March we are going to have an essay by the distinguished writer and expert on things Gothic, Stella Rubinstein. Miss Rubinstein is at present giving a series of lectures on Gothic art. I went to the first one and thoroughly enjoyed myself because Miss Rubinstein knows her subject and her talks are illustrated with some superb slides.

Mr. Gerald Kelly is planning to show at the Wildenstein Galleries later in the season a group of French paintings which, to judge by the first specific announcement as to the canvases which will make up the exhibition, will create considerable excitement. For among the pictures to be shown there will be included no less famous a work than Manet's *Bon Bock*, about which Degas is reported by George Moore to have made one of his neatest *mots*.

Everyone is already so familiar with this picture, through the indirect means of book reproductions and photographs, that most people have undoubtedly

formed for themselves some rather definite ideas of what the original looks like. One almost feels that he has seen the picture in some great museum, and when it is exhibited it will attract great attention, for this is one of the earlier Manets which has been as much written about and discussed as any other work of the nineteenth century.

Now is the time of year when directors of museums which hold annual spring exhibitions of American art are to be seen in the various art centers of New York. The other day we met Clyde Burroughs, director of the Detroit Museum, who was collecting his spring exhibition. Mr. Burroughs is one of many museum officers who have congratulated the new *ARTS* on its January number. Mention is made of the fact not for boastful reasons, rather because we feel that such compliments are not only deserved but that they are most agreeably significant about the changing attitudes of our museums toward things that really count in art.



COCK FIGHT
At the Independent Society

POP HART
February Exhibition

THE AMERICAN STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES AND OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC, by Fiske Kimball. Illustrated, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922. 8 x 11 inches. Price, \$12.

Prof. Kimball's book is one of those rare works of cloistered research which is sure to be widely read, for it appeals to the antiquarian in search of dates, data and references, as well as to the reader who wishes to reconstruct the environment of our early social customs and modes of life. To the collector or local historian, it will be of help in dating and authenticating houses and even, perhaps, furniture.

We must now revise, it seems, some of our notions about the domiciles of our ancestors, who brought all the knowledge they had of building with them and got nothing here. Their first houses were of a kind customary in England at the time; huts of upright sticks set tent-wise and covered with earth and sods, or of sticks set like palisades with a roof of thatch.

The log house was unknown alike in England and in primitive America. It was introduced here by Swedes and Finns, who settled on the Delaware in 1638 and later, from whence it spread slowly over the country.

Prof. Kimball quotes S. O. Addy: "In historic times the houses of the English peasantry were mostly built of wood, stone being used only where wood could not be obtained." This continued until the forests were depleted by building the navy and the danger of wooden construction was shown by the London fire in 1666.

The first frame houses were built in Virginia after 1611 in Jamestown.

In New England the first framed house was built in 1624 or later.

The Scotch house built in 1651 in Saugus, Mass., Prof. Kimball considers the oldest authenticated house in New England.

It will be a surprise to some purists to learn that white was not the first color inside but that it was more often bluish grey or buff, and that painted decoration was not uncommon.

The use of stone in building was not only an unaccustomed method to the early settlers and difficult in Massachusetts because of the lack of ledge rock and the difficulty of breaking boulders, but it was made harder by the scarcity of lime. Only Rhode Island was well supplied with lime. Elsewhere they

used shell lime for a finishing coat on walls plastered with clay.

Our methods and our feeling, Prof. Kimball thinks, were medieval up to 1700, and only this period is called Colonial. The eighteenth century was the beginning of the classic revival in America, as in England, and houses of that period should be called Eighteenth Century. "The development of the academic style in America was a process the reverse of that in England, not beginning with a great personality and great monuments, but with adoption of the more superficial forms and gradual infusion of more thorough-going academic character."

The third period, that of the Early Republic, followed a fundamental change brought about by the Revolution. "America turned now less to England than to the Continent and to the ancient democracies of Rome and Greece—the leaders of thought in the Eighteen-Thirties, had a consciousness of solidarity with ancient Greece which touched every department of life."

"The classical revival was indeed a movement which had its beginning abroad, and which there, also, had the same ultimate ideal, the temple. By priority in embodiment of this ideal, however, and by greater literalness and universality in its realization, America reveals an independent initiative."

The Virginia Capitol, designed in 1785, preceded the Madeleine in Paris, first of the great European temple reproductions, by twenty-two years; the Bank of the United States, built 1819-1826, antedated the corresponding foreign versions of the Parthenon, the National Monument of Edinburgh and the Walhalla at Regensburg by ten years or more. The adoption of the temple form abroad for buildings devoted to practical use came still later; in the Birmingham Town Hall, 1831. In classicism, America was thus not merely a follower; rather a leader in pressing it to its extreme consequences."

It is interesting to know that Jefferson was the pioneer in introducing classicism, and that Washington was his own architect. The famous Bulfinch was a native amateur, while L'Enfant and Dr. Thornton, both amateurs, were foreigners.

"It is in its classical essence, rather than in the less austere phases of transition and compromise, that American domestic architecture made its independent contribution to universal development. The houses of the second quarter of the century repre-

sent an extreme of classicism which has no counterpart abroad." The decline of classicism began with Latrobe's design for Sedgley (1797) and stimulated by Irving's Sunnyside (1835) the Gothic revival began in domestic architecture.

I owe to Prof. Kimball's book the realization that we have had for many years an American style in architecture, which is mature, sophisticated and beautiful. It was not, as one might suppose, derived from European practise but goes back to the original sources of all Western culture for its inspiration, but not for its conception which is wholly original and characteristic of our life and desires.

That the buildings which Prof. Kimball illustrated are not all of great beauty but show too often haste, lack of competent organization into a forceful design, and a certain amateurishness difficult to explain, is not a weakness of the style but of the designers. With better training, a more fully developed critical faculty and greater sensitiveness, we may easily surpass our already proud record of accomplishment in domestic architecture. It is a style of limitless possibilities in composition, and many of these examples stimulate one to fertile thoughts and, we may hope, production.

It is a comfort to know that the term "Colonial" should be used only of the buildings, medieval in character, built before the revolution. The low ceilings and small windows always seemed a fundamental characteristic of these houses and make the present use of the "Colonial" style impossible for that reason.

Our good work, then, must be called American style or American Eighteenth Century or Early Republic.

The illustrations are good and will be useful to architect and amateur. They are 219 in number and include many interiors and details.

It is much to be desired that all houses a hundred years or more old be photographed, measured and expertized, for there are scattered through the country hundreds of them of nearly equal interest with these and they are disappearing or being altered so rapidly that it will soon be too late.

To the committee on Educational Work of the Metropolitan Museum, under whose auspices these lectures were given and the book published, we owe our thanks for a valuable contribution to this, perhaps the most important field for American archæology.



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THE SKYLIGHT



Donatello Court, February 10th, 1923.

To the Editor of THE SKYLIGHT:

SIR: In regard to request about prizes and how to win them would say that I enclose receipt for same. For figure painting young girl type is best as per my sample drawing. Note far away look in eyes. First rule: never vary type. It makes your clients mad not to recognize picture is by you. Once you've got your type you can make her do anything. Won three thousand dollars on Girl Shelling Peas. And Evening Song very popular. Bird on bough should be placed a little above girl's head and slightly to left. Both symbolic and decorative. If you wish

to cut out accessories and paste on central panel will advise you. About selling I used to be able to do it better in a velvet coat and flowing tie, but of late years find well-pressed business suit better, or tweeds. As for conversation with clients generally confine myself to talking about old masters in museums which have accepted pictures of mine because they want to inherit mother-in-law's collection. Forgot to say prize winning colors getting brighter year by year. Find it useful to sprinkle powdered sugar on palette.

Yours,

L. BUONARROTI-SMYTHE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Architecture and the Machine

To the Editor of THE ARTS:

DEAR SIR: There is always danger in being rational, for almost any rational scheme carried to its conclusion may be found at variance with facts.

Mr. Swartwout, in *THE ARTS*, pleads for rationality in architecture and cites the Greeks and Romans. What rationality is there about a pseudo-peripteral or even a peripteral building? Could anything be more irrational than an engaged column or a building surrounded by a colonnade? It has always seemed to me that a column of drums was a sham and that a column to be honest should be a monolith. So I have thought the whole Greek entablature an irrational sham, with its triglyphs, mutules and guttae, and other features supposedly derived from wooden construction but certainly having no function when put in stone. The Greeks, too, covered their coarse textured stone with stucco.

The Romans were good engineers and the rationality of their architecture consisted in getting the most show for the money, so they built ashlar walls around a pier and filled the middle with stones and concrete, even going so far as to mark large slabs of stone with false joints.

Their vaults, if small, were frequently cast of concrete; larger vaults might have brick or stone ribs built first, the spaces between being filled with concrete. In the end their large domes, as their small vaults, were monolithic and exerted no thrust on the walls.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that the Roman architects would have reinforced their concrete with iron if the price of iron in relation to the price of other materials and labor had been what it is today?

There has been, so far as I can see, no rational style except French Gothic, for there no stone bears any tension (which stones are ill-adapted to bear) but is only subjected to compression. If Mr. Swartwout would be rational he must become a Gothickist.

The trouble with architecture, I think, is not the machine but our failure to learn to use the machine. It may be, too, that the architect's training in archæology leads him to dream of the past instead of living in the future. The influences which have determined our architecture today are complicated but may be temporary. It is easy, for instance, to conceive of a city where three dimensional travel

will not be necessary and the buildings can be then of one or two stories, and vaulted arcades and domes will abound. For is it not the desire for a story above that has killed the vault and the dome?

In spite of irrationality there are many beautiful buildings and if they can be beautiful and irrational today, should we complain? For is beauty not the end to be sought rather than rationality? C. D. L.
New York, Jan. 28, 1923.

Historian versus Artist

Mr. Ivins on Museums

To the Editor of THE ARTS:

The doctrine of my book "Museum Ideals"—that a museum of art is primarily an artistic institution and not an educational one—meets vigorous opposition in the essay of Mr. W. M. Ivins, Jr., "*Of Museums*," in the January number of *THE ARTS*. Apart from the duty of instructing craftsmen after the South Kensington model, the function of the American museum of art, according to Mr. Ivins, is "that of making visible and comprehensible to us in our American isolation the thought and physical aspect of past times that we may understand whence we came and, possibly, a little bit, whither we are going."

One can only respond in the language of one's youth—"T'aint so." Mr. Ivins is describing the historian's purpose. No such purpose ever inspired any artist in creating a work of art; and our primary purpose in preserving it should be to fulfill his intention in it and not another man's subsequent intention concerning it.

The preface to "Museum Ideals" notes three well-known stages of people's assimilation of unfamiliar truth. First—"It is absurd"; then, "It is true but not new"; finally, "I have long thought so myself." In view of the difficulties mental and material confronting the unfamiliar truth in "Museum Ideals," the preface estimated that the doctrine would penetrate the public mind in about forty years. But now already, after only five years, appears a critic claiming that "Museum Ideals" provides the *reductio ad absurdum* of its own theories. So early a fulfillment of one's initial expectation awakens the liveliest hopes that Mr. Ivins at least may traverse the two remaining stages of assimilation long before the forty years are out.

BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN.
January 24, 1923.

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